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ALI LARTER
Gets Primeval

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On the Prowl

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Dark Knights Of Fan Fantasies

JAMES BOND'S
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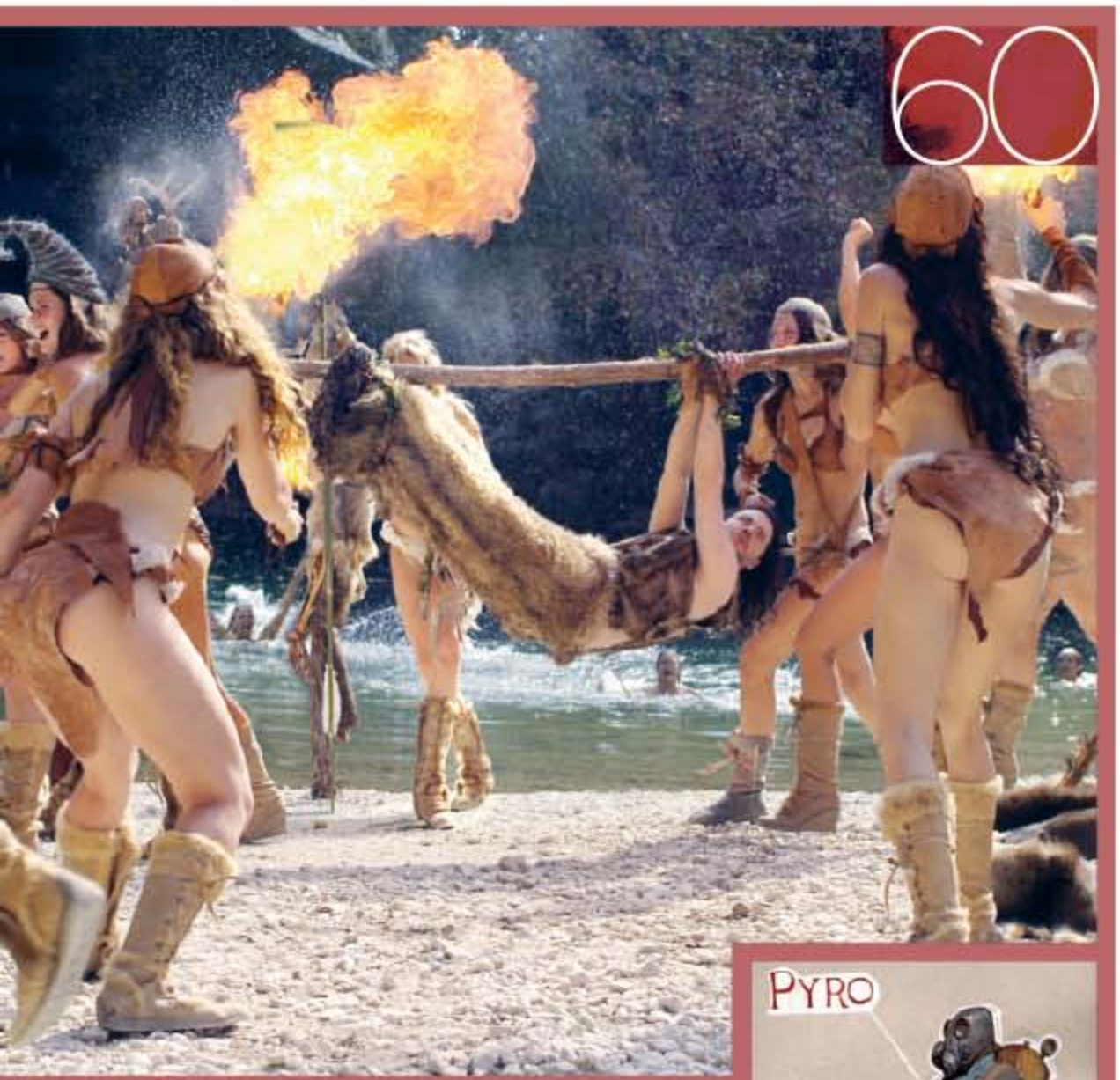

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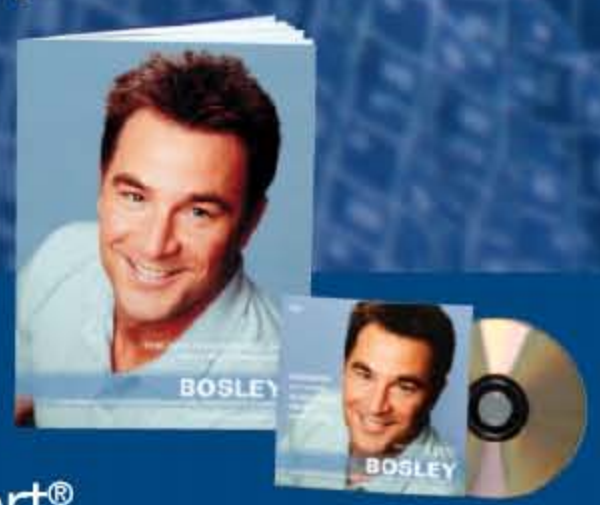

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The Joy of Ex

When I break up with a guy, I try to keep things amicable. You never know when you might need a good fuck buddy. I have a few, and one happens to be my ex-boyfriend Ash. Sex was the one thing we had in common that we were good at, so when we broke up, we agreed we'd be okay texting each other just for sex.

I got one such text from Ash recently, asking if he could stop by for a visit. I texted him back, "Yes." Thirty minutes later he arrived at my apartment. We kissed and I led him straight into my bedroom.

As I undressed him in the dark, I felt as if I'd know his body with my eyes closed. He probably feels the same way about me. He certainly knows my body like no other man does, and that's part of why this arrangement works between us. We know how to push each other's buttons.

After taking off my shirt and bra, he began caressing my breasts and kissed me again. He knows how much I love having my neck kissed and how it sends a rush of heat straight to my pussy, so he turned me around and teased my nipples as his lips found that special spot below my ear. He sucked gently so as not to leave a mark, but firmly enough for me to feel heat and moisture between my legs. I reached behind, wrapped my fingers around his hard cock, and stroked him slowly from base to tip. When I came to the head of his cock, I found we had something else in common—we were both wet.

I pulled down my thong, and sat on the bed, spreading my legs apart as wide as I could with my knees up. As I began rubbing my clit, he knelt in front of me and slid his fingers into my pussy. He commented on how incredibly wet I was and started kissing me again, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, matching the rhythm of his fingers in my pussy.

He started kissing me again, thrusting his tongue into my mouth, matching the rhythm of his fingers in my pussy.

I was still rubbing my clit when he curled his fingers up and touched that hot spot that suddenly had me panting and crying out with pleasure as I climaxed, soaking his hand with my release.

My legs were still quivering when he asked if I was okay. I could only moan in response as he joined me on the bed and grabbed my legs, pulling me toward him. As I lay back, I felt his tongue lapping up my juices. When his tongue pushed inside me, I cried out again.

As my breathing slowed, he crawled up and kissed me deeply, letting me taste my own juices on his lips. Then I told him I wanted his cock in my mouth. I rolled him over and kissed my way down his body. When I got to my favorite part, I wrapped my lips around his shaft, taking him all the way in. I used only my mouth, and the more I sucked, the louder he moaned. Then I started stroking him with my hand while I swirled my tongue around the tip. He loves to watch me at work, and moved my hair out of my face, offering words of encouragement, then begging me to take all of him. I held on to his ass cheeks and deep-throated him, driving his cock deeper into my mouth as he guided my head to his rhythm.

Suddenly he stopped and told me to get on my knees. After I got into position, he reached around to feel how wet I was. Then I felt the bed shift and he held my hips as he slid his condom-wrapped cock into me. He moved slowly in and out, but my pussy was sensitive and I couldn't help but moan louder and louder with each thrust. I braced myself on my forearms with my head down on the bed and my ass high in the air. Each stroke was harder and deeper than the last. I gasped and begged for more because it felt so good. I felt the orgasm building until it roared through me and I screamed as he called out my name and filled me with jizz.

I collapsed on the bed beneath his weight, drained, but happy and satisfied. We dozed for a while and when I heard him moving around I knew he was getting ready to leave. He gave me a kiss and I told him I'd see him soon.—*G.I., Washington*

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

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Truly Unique

Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principals of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequaled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dash-board gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

The Stauer *1930s Dashtronic* deftly blends the modern functionality of a 21-jewel automatic movement and 3-ATM water resistance with the distinctive, retro look of a jumping display (not an actual jumping complication). The stainless steel 1 1/2" case is complemented with a black alligator-embossed leather band. The band is 9 1/2" long and will fit a 7–8 1/2" diameter wrist.

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ROAD TO CARNALITY

My coworkers and I had just landed a major account, and to thank us for putting in months of long hours and hard work, my company held an appreciation dinner for everyone involved in the project. The restaurant was several miles from the office, so most of us drove our cars to work that day to make it easier to get home after the dinner.

Once we got to the place, we ate, drank, cracked jokes, and really enjoyed ourselves. Some people left shortly after dinner, but a group of us hung out for a while longer.

When I was ready to leave, Brianne said she wasn't sure how to get home by car and asked if she could follow me part of the way. She and I had worked well into the night on one aspect of the account and had locked horns a few times, but eventually compromised and together came up with one of the best ideas for the campaign. When we'd stopped trying to fight each other every step of the way, I realized that part of the antagonism we felt was due to sexual tension. We hadn't had time to mess around during the project, but there was no reason for us not to explore things now. I told her to follow me. I thought to myself it was too bad she didn't need a lift home. I wanted nothing more than to give her a ride.

I told her I'd drive within the speed limit so she wouldn't lose sight of me. When we came close to the point where I thought she knew her way, I signaled and pulled into the entrance of a park. Brianne pulled in behind me and we both got out of our cars. She thanked me, but didn't seem to be in a rush to get home. It was a peaceful area and we ended up leaning against her car talking and looking at the stars. When she leaned close to me to point to a particular star, I moved in front of her, pressed my lips to hers, and waited for her to return the kiss. I didn't have to wait very long. Her lips parted and we played tongue tag while feeling each other up. As the kisses grew hotter, I pressed her back to the car until we were grinding against each other.

When I couldn't stand the dry humping anymore, I grabbed her hand and led her to my SUV. I lowered the seats and let her get in. While she unbuttoned her blouse and pulled off her panties, I unbuttoned my shirt and unzipped my pants. Brianne pulled out my dick and stroked it. Her hands felt incredible on me, but I didn't need any more stimulation. I needed to get inside her as quickly as possible. I pushed her back and teased her big nipples with my tongue. She arched her back, and I slid my hand between her legs. She was smooth and wet and ready to be fucked.

I told Brianne to switch places with me so she could be on top. She got on her knees and straddled me. Then she leaned down and kissed me as she teased me by sliding her smooth, wet pussy along my cock. She was as ready as I was and pulled back long enough to lower her hot snatch onto my dick. I couldn't believe how good it felt to finally be inside her tight pussy. As she gripped my shoulders and rode me, I licked and sucked on her tits. When she said she was close and started moving faster, I held her hips and matched her pace, thrusting up into her as I felt my own climax approaching.

I pushed her back and teased her nipples with my tongue. She arched her back, and I slid my hand between her legs.

Just as we both cried out, the interior of the SUV filled with light. Brianne rolled to the floor and buttoned her blouse. I zipped up my pants and heard a car door slam. I was out of the car in time to see a trooper walking toward us. I looked at Brianne and hissed, "Cop!"

Brianne had just straightened her skirt and returned to the seat when the trooper looked in the car. He asked if everyone was okay, and we assured him we were fine and had just stopped to talk and look at the stars, which was partially true. I'm sure he knew better, but he just told us to get back in our cars and move along, which we were more than happy to do. Fortunately for me, Brianne suggested I follow her to her place—just to make sure she didn't get lost!—*T.P., Massachusetts*

More letters on page 142

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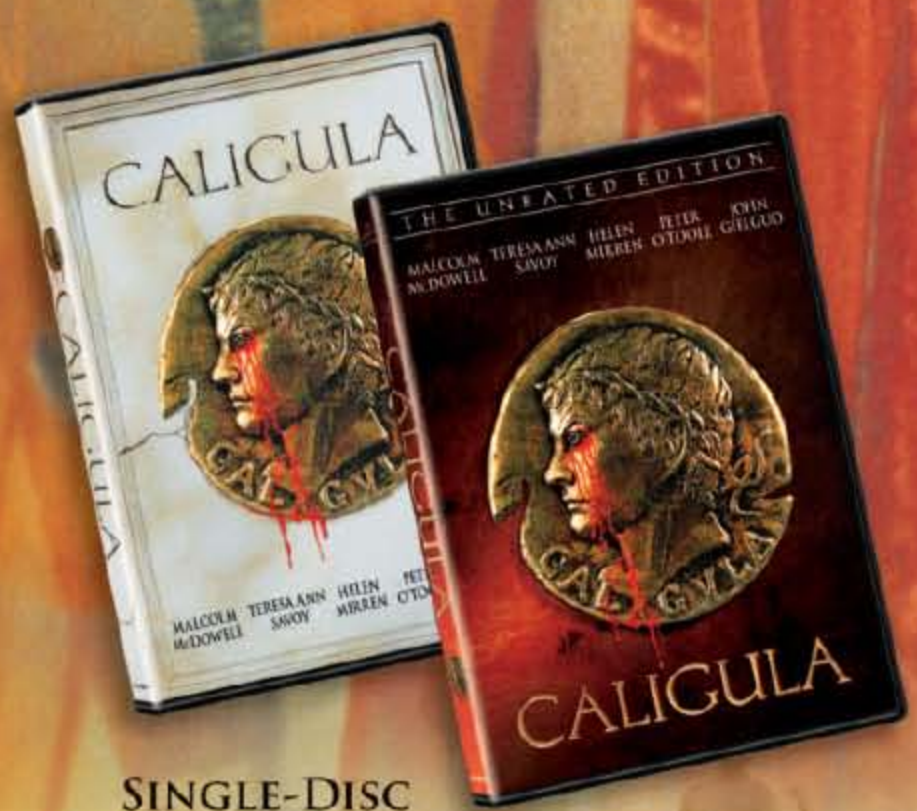

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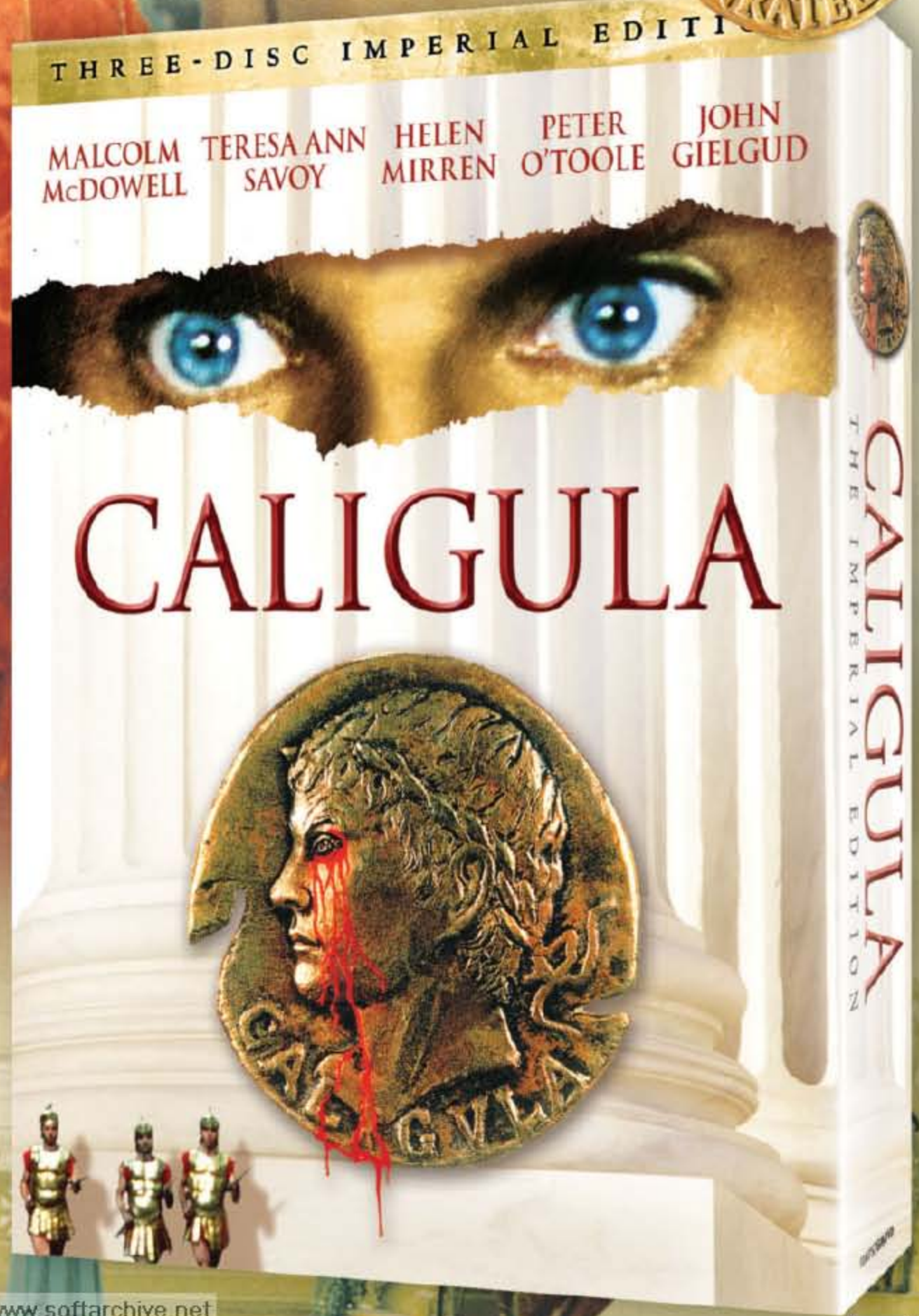

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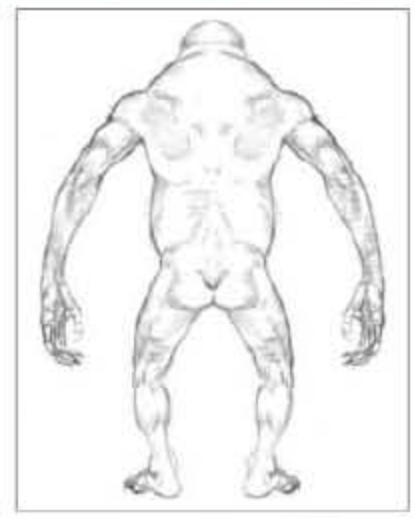
HELLBOY
(Krome Studios)
Early sketches (below) of Frog Fiend evolved into the final, gruesome in-game capture (above).



Playing With Art

A spectacular new book celebrates videogames and their creators—the twenty-first century's "dominant art form."

Josh Jenisch's *The Art of the Video Game* (Chronicle Books) is a lavish display of thrilling, beautiful, and sometimes mind-bending creations, as well as a powerful argument that makes the controversial case that videogames should actually be considered art.

As Jenisch, a writer and editor at the *Los Angeles Times,* declares, "I believe that great videogames can move and excite and inspire people—that they are every bit as worthy of our attention as great films, great paintings, great

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novels, and great symphonies."

The book includes interviews with artists and designers, in addition to a comprehensive history of videogame art from its beginning, with *Pong* in the early seventies to today's most sophisticated gaming creations, such as *Warmonger,* which is "made up of a series of totally destructible environments, meaning that you can interact with virtually every element you see."

Obviously, the videogame industry has yet to produce a Michelangelo or Picasso. But while we can anticipate an exciting future, we're fortunate to have Jenisch's spectacular overview of how far it has come in a little more than three decades. Although it's clearly impossible for a book to capture the full scope of the experience of gaming, the visual feast that Jenisch and his publisher provide will convince all but the most conservative critics that, as an artistic medium, games are worthy to stand beside the accomplishments of earlier eras.—*Peter Bloch*

AGE OF CONAN (Funcom)
Huge Battle, by Karl Stewart, Charlie Clark, Didrick Tollefson, and Concept Arts.

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HELLGATE: LONDON
(Electronic Arts)
The monster Sydonai evolves from an initial view (above) to his final demonic incarnation (top).

"Videogames are the next great frontier of art."—*Josh Jenisch*

TEAM FORTRESS 2
(Valve)
"Drawing heavily from the industrial artistry of the 1950s," writes Jenisch, this game "is different from anything else.... It's just plain fun to watch."

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Bushcraft

The host of the Discovery Channel's *Survivorman* delivers everything you need to know to survive in the wild. By John Bolster

In our increasingly computer- and cubicle-dominated culture, it's not surprising that shows like Bear Grylls's *Man vs. Wild* and Les Stroud's *Survivorman* have struck a chord. Who among us doesn't long, at least on some level, to ditch the jungle of office politics for the real thing—man in nature. Stroud anticipated this impulse in 2004 when he approached the Discovery Channel with an idea: Drop me in a survival situation at various remote locales around the globe, with minimal supplies, and see how I cope for seven days. Stroud is entirely alone in each episode, setting up tiny cameras on site to film his travails. Now he's written *Survive! Essential Skills and Tactics to Get You Out of Anywhere—Alive* (Collins), a brisk, entertaining how-to book packed with information and killer tips for the novice and the veteran outdoorsman alike.

What's the most common mistake an inexperienced person makes in the wild?

Panic. The initial reaction to any kind of survival situation is to panic. Your heart races; your temperature goes up. Your thinking becomes confused, and you tend to just start *moving*. It's often been described as feeling like there's something right behind you, chasing you. That panic sends people running into the bush, scraping their face, falling, tripping, breaking their ankle.

How about an experienced person?

Completely the opposite: It's overconfidence. *Yeah, I'll find my way back. I've been down this way a hundred times before—I can get out of here*. That overconfidence causes the experienced outdoorsman to not prepare for, say, the big storm that they didn't realize was gonna come in. Sure enough, 3:30 in the morning, in comes the storm. And you've got no shelter, no fire, no firewood.

> "The worst one I ever had was a parasite that lived by eating the lining of my mouth and my tongue."

In the book, you cite an alarming number of times you've gotten giardia or some other gastrointestinal menace from contaminated water. How many times have you really battled GI distress?

After all these years, I've lost track, but the worst one I ever had was a kind of parasite that lived by eating the lining of my mouth and my tongue.

Ouch.

I had to eat with a straw. I was in, just ... agony. I even had a biopsy done, in case it might have been cancer. I struggled with that parasite for a year. And to this day I don't know what it was. One of the top Third World–disease specialists in the world looked in my mouth—after 40 years in his business—and he shook his head and said, "I have *never* seen anything like that before."

What are the most deadly areas on earth?

First and foremost are places without trees. Trees give you so many advantages, that instantly any place without trees, you are at a loss. Places like the Kalahari Desert and the Sahara Desert. I was in the Kalahari when it was 141 degrees, and I remember saying, "Oh, man, the heat is the worst thing in the world." Then I went to Labrador, in Canada, and did a show

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAURA BOMBIER

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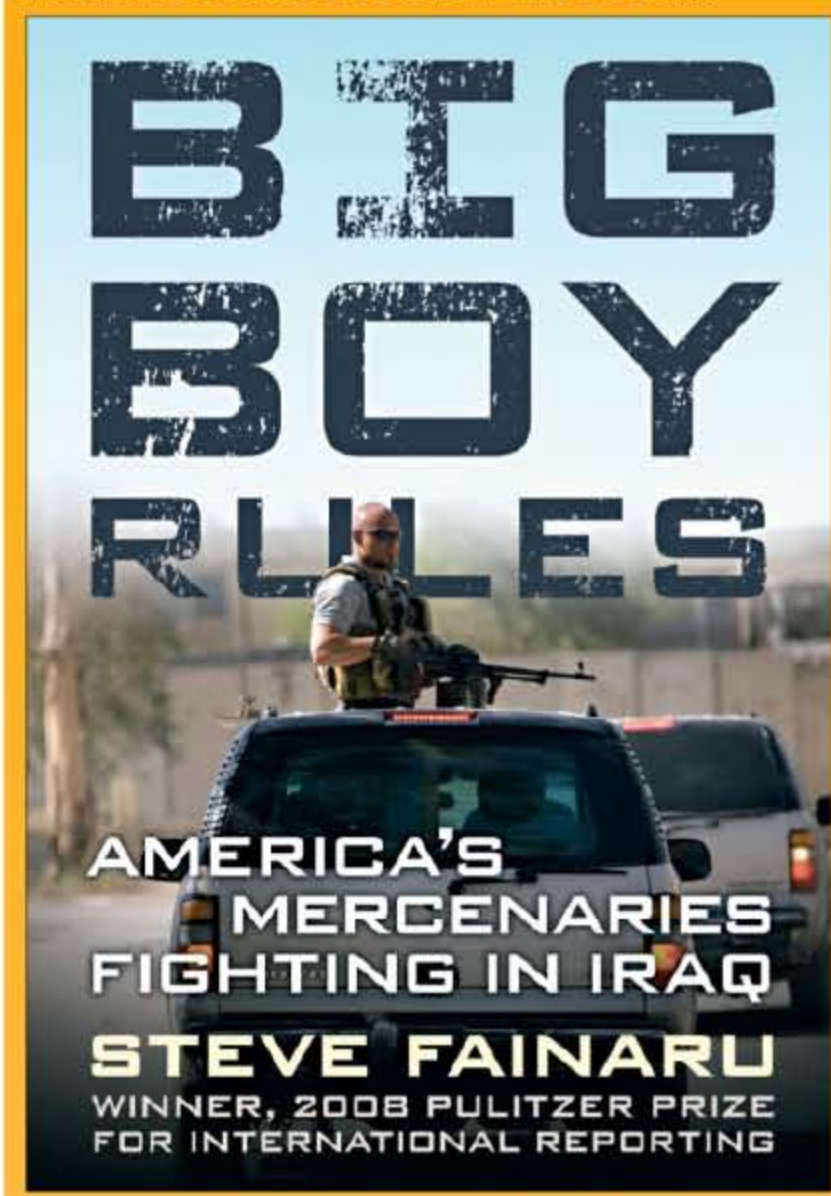
in the snow and I was like, "No, no, no—cold wins. Cold sucks, that's the hardest." So those places of extremes are very dangerous. And any of the Boreal forests [northern, coniferous forests, stretching from Alaska to Canada and Norway to Siberia and even into Japan] when they're in the deep freeze of winter, are among the most deadly places. In the summer, you've got tons of forgiveness. But when it's winter and you're in the Boreal forest, and there's ten feet of snow and it's minus 45 degrees? There is no forgiveness in that day. You do everything right or you are going to perish. Then I'd say stuck on a life raft in the ocean—again, a merciless situation—and finally, any place that has a high density of poisonous critters. Like the Amazon jungle or Borneo. All it takes is for you to fall asleep and drape your arm down and have it accidentally hit a scorpion. That's a dangerous situation.

Judging from the show and the book, you've eaten some pretty unappetizing things. What's the gnarliest?

Well, the *rankest* thing I ever ate was a snapping turtle in the Georgian swamp. I think that's where I got that parasite. That turtle was disgusting. But I would have to say spiders—spiders are the grossest things to shove in your mouth and chew on. I like the scorpions, though.

FROM A BOOK WE COULDN'T PUT DOWN



If you read only one book about the war in Iraq, make it this one. What makes *Big Boy Rules* (Da Capo Press) special is that it not only captures the horror of the conflict, but also, in focusing on the government's dependence on hired guns, Fainaru exposes what he calls America's "original sin"—our outsourcing of the war.—*Peter Bloch*

"A government launches a preemptive war predicated on a myth....

"Lacking a sufficient fighting force, not to mention political will, the government rents itself a private army, piece by piece.

"Hundreds of companies form overnight ... some with boards of directors and glass offices, others that are scarcely more than armed gangs....

"They hire Americans and Brits, South Africans and Aussies, Fijians and Ghurkas. Peruvians who fought the Shining Path. Colombians fresh from the drug wars. They ... turn them loose ... with little to guide them except their consciences.

"Soon, it's a $100 billion industry, an industry of arms, with unions and lobbyists and its own tortured nomenclature: In newsprint and polite conversation, they are all 'private security contractors.' "

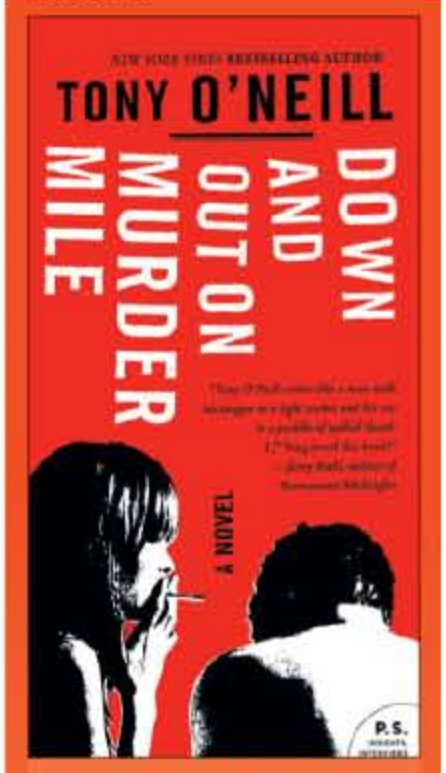
" 'I am so thankful for this war,' one of them said to me.

"He was a squat ex-Marine who later became a mortgage broker, then traded it all in for the Sandbox. He'd spend three months in Iraq, take his R&Rs in Vegas, playing blackjack for $500 a hand, then return to wage war in a $5,000 Panerai watch.

"It was so obscene I asked him to say it again.

" 'It's true,' he told me. 'I only came over here for the money, and I didn't even know I could do this job until two years ago. I didn't know it was available to me.' "

REVIEW



DOWN AND OUT ON MURDER MILE
By Tony O'Neill
(Harper Perennial)

If you want an insider's look at the junkie life, check out this largely autobiographical novel—but be prepared for a very dark, disturbing read.

While O'Neill didn't write it as a cautionary tale, it provides one nonetheless, because nothing else exists in the protagonist's world but heroin. While he once went on tour with a successful Britpop band, and occasionally waxes nostalgic for those exciting days, the fog under which he lives makes even that life seem dull.

There are very brief flashes of humor, such as when he shows up high to his Narcotics Anonymous meetings. Two-thirds of the way through, he meets a woman, Vanessa, who finally revives his long-dormant sexuality, giving the book a new rhythm, with manic sex scenes that make you want to read to the end.

It's fitting that O'Neill's narrator is nameless, because while the prose is fast-paced, gritty, and gripping, he makes it hard for the reader to care about him, because he hardly cares about himself. When he finally does, it reads almost as an afterthought. Everyone around him is simply a pawn to get him more drugs, and the reader's senses become as deadened to this cycle as the protagonist's.—*Rachel Kramer Bussel*

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REVIEW /// BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

Off the Mat

Mickey Rourke's washed-up wrestling star might just earn the actor the most surprising Oscar ever.

The Wrestler
Mickey Rourke, Marisa Tomei, Evan Rachel Wood

Hulkamania. "Rowdy" Roddy Piper. Captain Lou Albano. The pumped-up pleasures of 1980s megawrestling remain fresh in our memory, which might not be the healthiest thing in the world. But health be damned! That milieu has inspired one of the most talked-about movies of the year. Randy "the Ram" Robinson (an inspired return to form for Rourke) is still rocking hair-metal cassettes in his van and slapping the canvas in veterans' halls for a taste of his former glory. But now there's an estranged daughter who needs comforting (Wood), a guarded stripper who needs wooing (Tomei), and a legend that needs preserving. Darren Aronofsky's huge-hearted Jersey drama works as both nostalgia for the days of big hair and bigger egos, and as a tough treatise on the need to finally grow up. Forget what you think you understand about Aronofsky from his math movie *Pi* or the ultradepressing *Requiem for a Dream;* he's matured into a filmmaker capable of more. In its small, satisfying way, *The Wrestler* is a perfect tragedy. Don't be surprised if you find yourself in an emotional headlock.

Grappling With Success

Remember when sexed-up psycho flicks were Rourke's bread and butter? We sure do.

***9½ Weeks* (1986)**
Rourke, Kim Basinger, a refrigerator full of maraschino cherries—sounds like quality cinema to us! This film introduced viewers to the seductive power of ice cubes and blindfolds. Do we actually buy Mickey as a Wall Street investor? Who cares, when Basinger's burning a hole in the screen?

***Angel Heart* (1987)**
A sly Robert De Niro cameo proved deceptive; this was more evidence of Rourke's unerring penchant for grabbing strange ass. In this case, it was that of former *Cosby* kid Lisa Bonet, whose last name seemed really funny to teenagers. (Okay, it still seems funny.) The film's sex scenes almost earned it an X rating. The plot concerns Haitian voodoo, but Bonet and her screaming chicken (not a euphemism) are the real attraction.

***Wild Orchid* (1990)**
By this point, Rourke just seems like a genius, especially given the ripe attributes of Carré Otis. Scenes of tropical intercourse—possibly unsimulated—sparked a media frenzy, with Roger Ebert analyzing one of the hot takes in prime time. (Nice work, if you can get it.) Mickey Rourke: We salute you.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*THE WRESTLER*) NIKO TAVERNISE, (*9½ WEEKS*) EVERETT, (*ANGEL HEART*) MGM/ COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (*WILD ORCHID*) TRIUMPH/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

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Defiance
Liev Schreiber, Jamie Bell, Daniel Craig
"If any of us get laid tonight, it's because of Eric Bana in *Munich*," says Seth Rogen in *Knocked Up*. To judge from the new action flick *Defiance*, the Jews-who-kick-ass subgenre is only heating up. Take its title for starters: This WWII film isn't about hiding in the cellar. Rather, Schreiber, Bell, and newish James Bond Craig play three He-bros who take to the Belarusian woods with rifles and guns, fighting alongside resistance militia and saving the lives of 1,200 persecuted people in the process. The Nazis don't stand a chance. The director is Edward Zwick (*Glory*), who knows a thing or two about war pictures. But, most promising, the script comes from the true-life story of the Bielski partisans, who should have been the subject of a Hollywood movie decades ago. Guess what? You're getting laid tonight.

The Day the Earth Stood Still
Keanu Reeves, Jennifer Connelly, Jon Hamm
There's nothing like a big, spooky action remake to offset the deadly serious holiday prestige pics. And truthfully, we enjoy Reeves—especially when he's in his slightly stoned "whoa" mode of *The Matrix*. Here, he plays the alien Klaatu, come down from on high to warn us puny humans of impending doom unless we change our evil ways. Klaatu gets understandably distracted by Connelly's scientist. During the Ike era, the original film's anxieties concerned commies and nukes. This time, they could be about anything: the environment, terrorists, Alaskan hockey moms.... In any case, no doubt things will 'splode real good.

Frost/Nixon
Frank Langella, Michael Sheen, Sam Rockwell
Langella is a national treasure who has never quite gotten his due. You may have seen him as Edward R. Murrow's tough-but-fair CBS boss William Paley in George Clooney's *Good Night, and Good Luck*. Or as the silver screen's most enticing vampire in 1979's *Dracula*. Langella's Tony-winning turn here as the disgraced Richard Nixon—a complex, rich brew of a performance—has been captured by Ron Howard, who might be due for a comeback. Nixon's legendary post-resignation TV interviews with David Frost (brought to twitchy, nervous life by Sheen onstage and screen) made for riveting Broadway theater. There's no doubt that, with the expansion of supporting roles for Rockwell and Kevin Bacon, this wrinkly, wonky political drama will be one of the season's smartest movie-going experiences.

The Road
Viggo Mortensen, Michael K. Williams, Charlize Theron
It's the end of the world as we know it—but we don't feel so fine. Cormac McCarthy's bleak stunner follows a post-apocalyptic father-son journey across a dead America and won the novelist almost every prize imaginable: a Pulitzer, an Oprah-book-club endorsement, even favorable comparisons to his previous sensation, *No Country for Old Men*. Hopes are astronomical for this adaptation, and we have several reasons to keep them right there. Viggo Mortensen as the long-suffering dad is one reason, and *The Wire*'s creepy Williams as a fearsome fellow traveler is another. (Expect Robert Duvall and Theron in tasty cameos.) The director is Australia's John Hillcoat, of the violent neo-Western *The Proposition*, and the story has been filmed in dingy real-life locations in and around Pittsburgh, with barely any computer trickery. The more we hear about this project, the more it sounds like classic George Romero, with a post-nuclear glow. That is to say: Prepare for awesome multiplied by one million.

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Germ-o-philes

This new DVD tracks the Germs's improbable journey from high school outsiders who couldn't play their instruments to legendary musical force.

By John Bolster

What We Do Is Secret

The Plot: A "faux documentary" biopic of Darby Crash, frontman for late-seventies L.A. punk band the Germs.

Buy or Rent? Rent. Hard-core fans will be disappointed that the movie gives the kid-glove treatment to many aspects of Crash's sad, sordid story—which ended with his suicide at age 22—and fails to capture what was cool about the Germs: their feral, genuinely original music. Casual fans may well wonder what all the fuss was about.

Added Value? A commentary track featuring director/cowriter Rodger Grossman and star Shane West, who's so good as Crash that he toured as a band with Germs Lorna Doom, Don Bolles, and Pat Smear. Smear, by the way, may just be the coolest person the average music fan has never heard of. In addition to the Germs, he's played with the Adolescents, Nirvana, and the Foo Fighters.

Hellboy II: The Golden Army

The Plot: The big red guy from the other land down under has to save the world again. Duh.

Buy or Rent? Buy, unless you're afraid the studio will do a better version in the future, like it did with *Hellboy*. (Note to Universal: Please don't. We know you're not the worst offender, but still, we're running out of patience.) And if your snobby buds sneer at it, remind them that the director, Guillermo del Toro, was the genius behind *Pan's Labyrinth*.

Added Value? Two commentary tracks (one with del Toro, one with the stars), a handful of in-depth making-of featurettes, comic books with an animated prequel and extended ending, and a digital copy. Blu-ray features include files on characters, an interactive comic book, and a comic-book builder.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*HELLBOY*) DOUBLE NEGATIVE 2008 UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, (*THE SOPRANOS*) HBO/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (*THE LAST EMPEROR*) COURTESY OF THE CRITERION COLLECTION

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Hancock

The Plot: This year's only non-comic-book-derived superhero movie takes the underappreciated-savior theme of *The Incredibles* to an even darker place.
Buy or Rent? Rent. It's an entertaining popcorn flick, especially if you're into watching Will Smith save the world for the millionth time, but it doesn't warrant the same repeat viewing as, say, *Independence Day*.
Added Value? A half dozen or so featurettes; the two-disc sets have an unrated cut of the film and a digital copy; the Blu-ray edition has a picture-in-picture "on-set diary" version.

The Dark Knight

The Plot: Batman takes on copycats, the Joker (brilliantly played by the late Heath Ledger), and, all too briefly, Two-Face (a great performance from Aaron Eckhart). We're really hoping Commissioner Gordon saved Harvey Dent somehow.
Buy or Rent? Buy, of course. Do we even have to say it? If the idea that Ledger isn't around for a sequel doesn't bring a tear to your eye, you're stronger than we are.
Added Value? Tons, including docs on "the psyche of Batman" and his weapons, an insider look at the movie with director Christopher Nolan, and a digital copy.

Xmas Xtravaganzas

Bam Margera Presents: Where the #$&% Is Santa?

This off-the-wall holiday show details the skateboarder/prankster's trip to the Arctic Circle to find Santa Claus so he can bring him home to his wife Missy for Christmas. Along the way, he and his crew visit metal bands (who wouldn't?) and get into their usual brand of trouble. His quest is enhanced by cameos from the Dudesons, tattoo artist Kat Von D, and pro boarders Chris Cole, Kyle Frederick, and Kerry Getz. Of course, it's also got a kick-ass soundtrack and a "yuletide skate-jam."

A Colbert Christmas: The Greatest Gift of All!

This very special episode from the political funny-man is an hour-long musical. Yep, that's right. Mr. Colbert is singing, and he'll be joined by Willie Nelson, John Legend, Toby Keith, and Elvis Costello. As if that's not enough, the DVD has a book-burning Yule log, a video Advent calendar, and an alternate ending. We don't even care that it sounds like an Andy Williams special from the seventies. (Colbert can't get into the city to see Costello, but his friends help him "weather the storm." Really.)

High-def Update

The Last Emperor

This Best Picture Oscar winner about China's final emperor also won Academy Awards for art direction, costume design, cinematography, sound, music, and editing—not to mention writing and directing awards for Bernardo Bertolucci. This is the kind of grand epic that high-def is meant for, and the Criterion edition has a reengineered stereo track and a new 1,080p digital transfer that was approved by cinematographer Vittorio Storaro.

We're also looking forward to:
Lucky # Slevin, a twisty tale of revenge with a better-than-we-ever-guessed-he-could-be Josh Hartnett and the ever-cool Bruce Willis, not to mention Morgan Freeman, Sir Ben Kingsley, and the lovely, luscious Lucy Liu.
Heathers, our all-time fave black comedy about teen angst, stars Christian Slater doing his best Jack Nicholson and a quirkily hot Winona Ryder. It comes in a deluxe Blu-ray Locker Box edition.

The Sopranos: The Complete Series

The Plot: Our favorite conflicted mob boss is back, and he's got all his partners in crime, women, and woes wrapped up in a handsome new gift set.
Buy or Rent? Buy, of course, unless you already own a few seasons. This is the most inexpensive way to bring home Tony and both his families, but not even close to cheap—list price is $400. Unfortunately, if you want the high-def final seasons, you'll be left hanging. But after the way the finale left you hanging, that's nothing.
Added Value? The set includes two soundtracks (on three CDs), earlier bonus features (commentaries, deleted scenes, etc.), and three and a half hours of all-new content (two dinners with the cast and crew sharing stories and secrets, and a two-part David Chase interview by Alec Baldwin).

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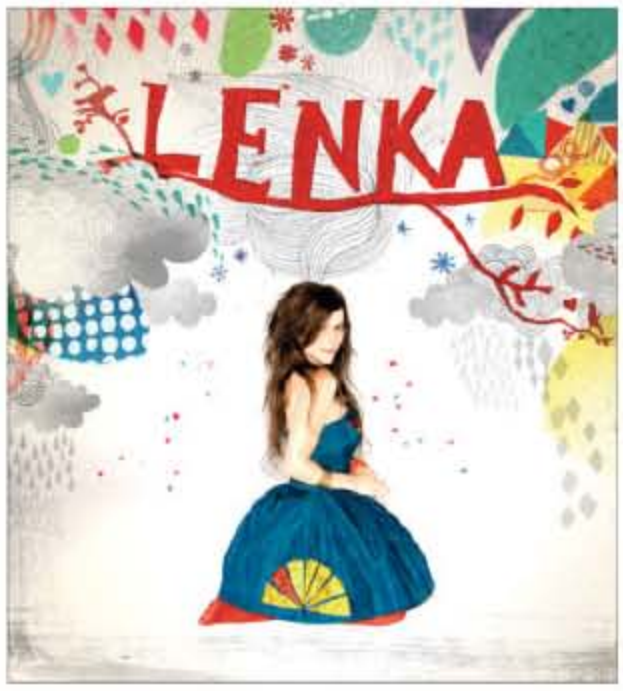
Lenka: Australian for Hot

We hung out with this rising pop princess and fantasized about going Down Under.



After doing time with the ultra-indie rock band Decoder Ring, Australian actress-slash-singer Lenka released her eponymous solo album this fall. One glimpse of her and we were convinced: She's the sexiest Aussie export since Olivia Newton-John! And with only one name, she's so much more efficient. We visited the video shoot for her first single, "The Show," and were thrilled to discover that the lithe Lenka was more than happy to discuss her Björk baby-mama fetish, what it feels like to fly, and the obvious perks of pleasuring oneself.

In the video, you fly across the stage. Were you scared?
I was, but it is such a nice feeling to fall through the air ... knowing there's a parachute and someone you're attached to. I've been skydiving, and I loved it. In the plane, I was freaking out and feeling like I was going to vomit. But once I was out, I was like, *Whoo-hoo!*

The first single has the lyrics, "I want my money back." Is it a good idea to sing that during a concert?
I know! The first time I did it, I was like, *Okay, don't get any ideas, because you're not getting your money back for this show!* But I think the people get the metaphor that life is a show and you bought a ticket, and sometimes you feel like you got gypped.

You've been called a "pocket rocket" by the press, and your song "Follow" played in the show *Dirt* while Courteney Cox was masturbating—discuss.
Pocket rocket? Are they calling me a vibrator? I never realized that they were calling me a vibrator. But I think everyone should masturbate.

Do you ever think about people fucking to your record?
I would love for people to make love to my album. I don't want to picture it because it's a little bit creepy, and I'm not exactly making Nine Inch Nails' "I want to fuck you like an animal," but I hope people fall in love to my music. Or if a couple had my song as their song, that would be pretty awesome. And, yeah, if they have good sex to my music, too, that would be great.

A few years ago, you mentioned wanting to have a baby with Björk. What sort of little nipper would such an unlikely coupling produce?
If we did have a baby, that would be such a little nutter! I think I would want the baby to have Björk's free spirit and roaming quality and fierceness and talent. And my ... gee ... what could I say that's better than Björk? It doesn't have to have any part of me. It could just be Björk's. I think I've moved on from wanting to have babies with Björk, but I would like to have a musical baby with her. I sort of see myself as a musical baby of Björk, Burt Bacharach, and the Beatles. That's where I came from.

"If people have good sex to my music, that would be great."

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) KENNETH CAPPELLO

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"I think everyone should masturbate."

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Q&A /// BY STEVE BALTIN

House of T-Pain

Behold the charmed existence and hit-making genius of the artist formerly known as Faheem Rasheed Najm.

As a producer on records by Kanye West, Akon, Chris Brown, and Lil Wayne, T-Pain has been responsible for some of the most memorable beats of the past few years. The music industry has certainly taken notice: Pain received five nominations each at this year's Grammy and BET Awards (he scored a total of two wins), and his album last year, *Epiphany,* debuted at No. 1. For his latest effort, *Thr33 Ringz,* he enlisted the assistance of West, Brown, Ludacris, and others to make his own act sing. But what T-Pain would really like you to know is that he did it all for the kids—his kids.

Okay, let's get right to the important stuff: Talk about the inspiration for "Long Lap Dance."
You're paying by the song, and they're playing the shortest songs in the world. You don't want a lap dance that lasts two minutes! That just sucks. So you got a five-minute song called the "Long Lap Dance"—you'll get yourself a long lap dance, three lap dances for the price of one.

That's just good consumer instincts. What exactly makes a good lap-dance song?
A good lap-dance song is basically something the girl can get into. You can hate the song with a passion, but if the girl likes it, she's gonna dance supergood to it. Any song that's dedicated to a strip club is good because it's about the girl, so "I'm in Love With a Stripper" was a perfect lap-dance song, I think.

You're married, so we don't want to get you in too much trouble. But what clubs have the best lap dances?
Diamonds Cabaret in Miami. That's probably where I got the most lap dances—and I own it now, too!

Of all the clubs you've been to, why buy that one?

"Gabrielle Union, Britney Spears, and Lindsay Lohan.... I'd wanna have sex with them."

PHOTOGRAPH BY (ABOVE) DEAN CARR

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It's a weird kind of strip club—it has a gym, a boxing ring, a basketball court, a weight-lifting section, a barbershop, and a strip club. We got plenty of room for VIPs and all kinds of stuff.

So it's convenient—a one-stop shop, if you will. Do you use any of the other facilities, like the basketball court or the weight room?
Just the strip club. I ain't got no business in all that other stuff; ain't no girls in there unless we do a female boxing match or a strip-basketball game.

Which would be a good way to extend the brand. On the same record you have the song "Keep Going," written, quite literally, for the kids.
That really is about the kids. It's about my family and just letting everybody know what I'm doing this for. I ain't doing it for the money or the fame; I'm just doing it so my kids won't have to go through what I went through in the childhood portion of my life. That's the reason I get up in the morning, because if it was up to me I would not get up as early as I have been to do all the stuff I gotta do.

How old are your kids now?
My daughter's four, my son is one, and I just found out my wife is pregnant.

Mazel tov! That's Hebrew for "You poor bastard!" Does your daughter listen to your music yet?
She knows exactly what's happening. When I'm on TV, she says, "other daddy," because she knows I'm a different person when I'm at home and when I'm out. So when I'm on TV, I'm the other daddy.

There are some great sounds on *Thr33 Ringz*. What were you looking for as a producer on the record?
My thing is, when I make an album I don't look for any sound; that's why a lot of the songs sound different from each other. There are things that I'm feeling at a certain time. That's one thing that was kind of crazy to me about Kanye—he was looking for a particular sound. But I don't really ever look for a sound.

Returning to the strip-basketball idea for a moment, what five women are on T-Pain's team?
Gabrielle Union, Britney Spears, and Lindsay Lohan, 'cause I'd wanna have sex with them ... and the Williams sisters [Serena and Venus], because they're strong and shit and I'm pretty sure they can handle the ball.

MAIN STAGE /// BY ANDY GREENWALD

British Inversion

On their third effort, high-octane guitar pop purveyors Bloc Party get personal.

BLOC PARTY
Intimacy
(Vice/Atlantic)
★★★
***Penthouse* Pick: "Mercury"**

A (VERY) BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

Silent Alarm
(Atlantic, 2005)
Their head-turning debut featured remarkably accomplished songs equally suited for the disco ("Banquet") or the morning after ("Blue Light").
***Penthouse* Pick: "This Modern Love"**

A Weekend in the City
(Atlantic, 2007)
Okereke's focus goes broad (the furious anti-anti-immigration screed "Hunting for Witches") and razor-thin (the coke-happy "The Prayer") on this hit-and-miss sophomore effort.
***Penthouse* Pick: "Flux"**

Bloc Party's first two albums established them as the bravest Britpop band in a decade, marrying singer Kele Okereke's frustrations—political, romantic, and otherwise—to spiky blasts of postpunk angst. This is the band's boldest statement yet: a diary of a romance gone bad set against a cacophonous backdrop of a world at war. At times, this fearless embrace of newness pays off: The clattering single "Mercury" flirts with full-on techno, while the lovely, featherlight "Biko" is built around a chopped-up spoken-word sample. But more often than not, the sonic innovations outstrip the songs' foundations. On the overstuffed "Trojan Horse," a buzzing swarm of guitars distracts from the delicate lyrics ("you used to take your watch off before we made love"). It's the sound of a band attempting to run before they've mastered walking.

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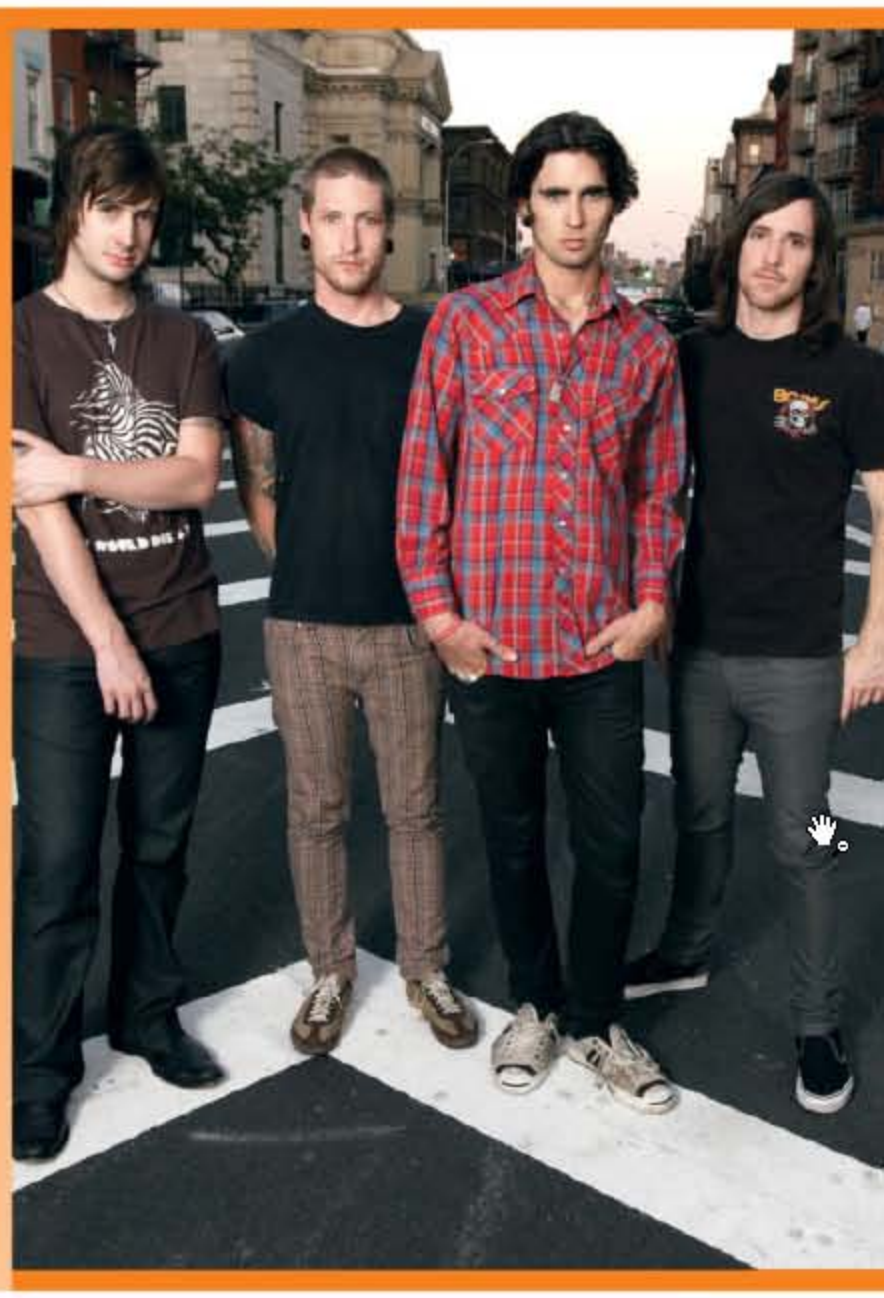
SNOW PATROL
A Hundred Million Suns
(Polydor/Fiction/Geffen)
★★
Sound Check: This quintet is often dismissed as the poor man's Coldplay, thanks to singer Gary Lightbody's knack for sweeping balladry. This release is unlikely to change anyone's mind.
Amplification: Lightbody is a much better lyricist than Chris Martin. On the opener, "If There's a Rocket Tie Me to It," the discovery of a long hair on his sleeve leads to a gorgeous, lost-love lament, while on "The Golden Floor" he begs to be treated "like a stolen glance to yourself."
Last Note: The problem is how downright polite everything is. The bombastic centerpiece, "The Planets Bend Between Us," is as melodramatic as the *Grey's Anatomy* episode it seems destined to soundtrack.
***Penthouse* Pick:**
"If There's a Rocket Tie Me to It"

THE ALL-AMERICAN REJECTS
When the World Comes Down
(Interscope)
★★★
Sound Check: On 2005's breakthrough *Move Along,* Oklahoma's All-American Rejects displayed pop chops as sharp as frontdude Tyson Ritter's cheekbones. This third album puts even more daylight between them and their friends on the Warped Tour.
Amplification: Fame has given these Rejects some swagger: "Gives You Hell" is a catchy but cruel put-down of an ex who dissed Ritter before he went platinum.
Last Note: Ritter's at his best when he's tugging emo heartstrings. "Breaking's What the Heart Is For" is riveting downerism that rocks.
***Penthouse* Pick:**
"Another Heart Calls"



CHRIS CORNELL
Scream
(Interscope)
★★
Sound Check: The former Soundgarden and Audioslave lead howler—he of the impressively sculpted hair and only slightly less impressive metal voice—teams up with Timbaland to craft 80 minutes of atmospheric rock/funk mishmash.
Amplification: Relax: It's not as bad as it sounds—though when the humorless Cornell starts flexing his lady-killing chops, it comes dangerously close ("Part of Me" with its "That bitch ain't a part of me!" chorus is cringe-inducing).
Last Note: There's a lot to like or at least find interesting here: lush synths, schizophrenic beats, daring tempo shifts. But Cornell—who is too solemn for pop and too leaden for soul—ends up as the weak link on his own record.
***Penthouse* Pick:**
"Long Gone"

HINDER
Take It to the Limit
(Universal/Republic)
★
Sound Check: America's reigning overlords of butt rock return with another album of anthems about drinking too much and sleeping around.
Amplification: There's something almost reassuring about Hinder's meaty simplicity: Every song is about getting wasted and doing it with hot chicks ("Use Me," "Up All Night") or waking up hungover and regretting all that drinking and hot-chick-doing ("Last Kiss Goodbye," "Without You"). But with all the clichés flying, it rings more than a little hollow.
Last Note: "The Best Is Yet to Come"—singer Austin Winkler's unintentionally hilarious bid for maximum yearbook quotage—is a wistful ode to teenage girls not letting him get to third base. Tears! Cold tears!
***Penthouse* Pick:**
"Loaded and Alone"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP LEFT) STEVE GULLICK, (TOP RIGHT) RHINO

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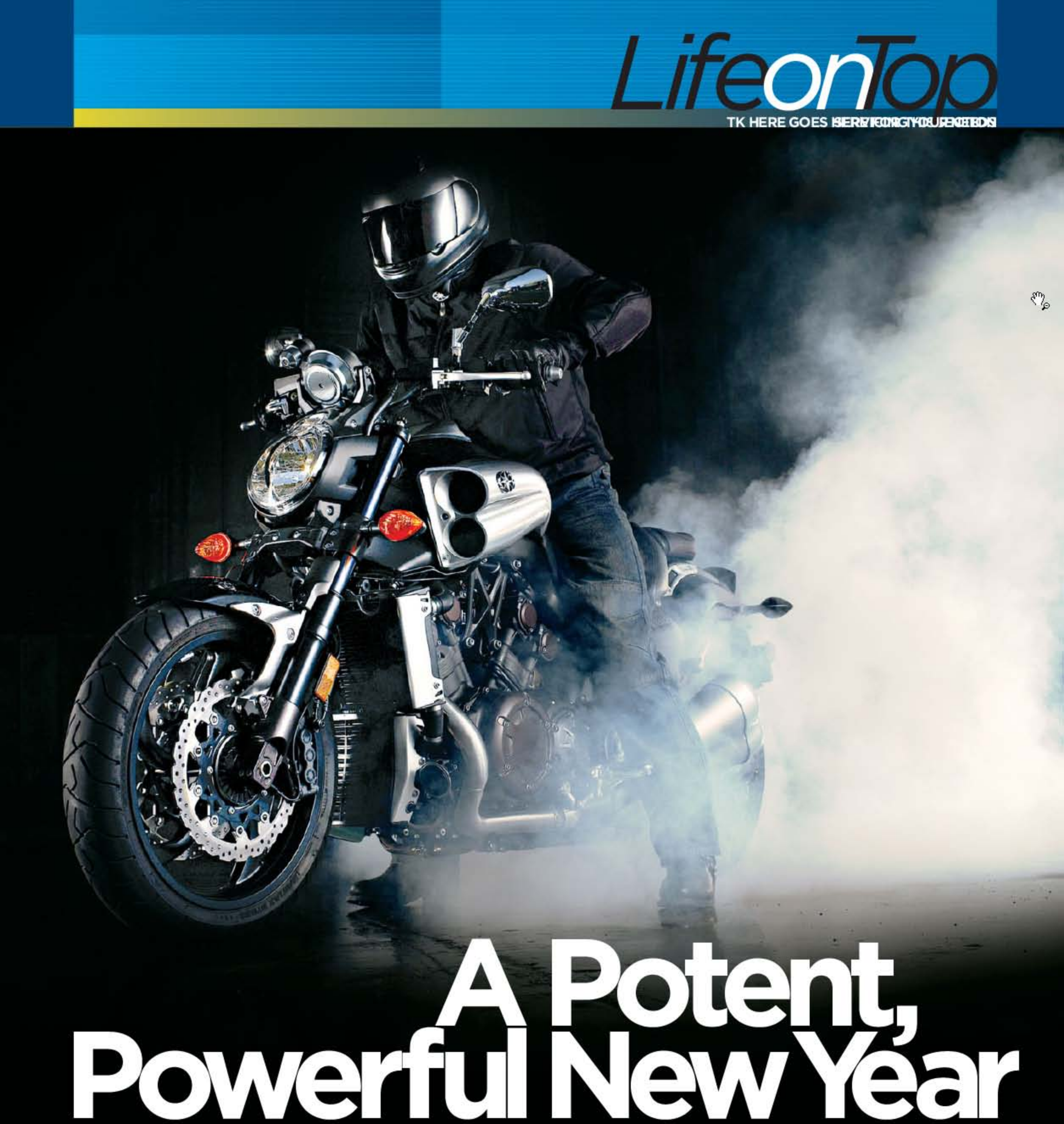

A Potent, Powerful New Year

While the car world frets over fuel economy, the new crop of 2009 motorcycles focuses on style, technology, and, most of all, muscle.

By Bill Heald

There's nothing like stratospheric gas prices to make most people reconsider how they get around, and if you crave looks and performance but also need a frugal ride, you might think you're basically screwed. But motorcycles have the ability to deliver good fuel economy while blowing the doors off all but the most exotic four-wheeled modes of transport, and these new arrivals push the styling envelope even further than ever before.

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Ignition	Direct ignition coils
Transmission	Five speed
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Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 298-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 R18
Rear tire	200/50 R18
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Dry weight	683 pounds
MSRP	$17,990

Once, there was a wicked little motorbike called the Yamaha VMax. The year was 1984, and the Max's wild, aggressive street stance and monumental V-4 engine meant it occupied its own niche for nearly 25 years. But now that Yamaha has created its own cruiser division called Star Motorcycles, the new marque needed a king to rule the pack. Thus, we have been graced with an all-new, tarmac-shredding Predator of a VMax that pumps out nearly 200 horsepower from its 1,679-cc V-4. As if there's not enough grunt already, an electronic intake-system controller stolen from the R1 sport bike—which on the VMax uses massive, functional air scoops that look as if it's packing two double-barreled shotguns—boosts top-end power. Also raided from the sport-bike parts bin are some fully adjustable suspension components and (thankfully) wicked-strong brakes to call upon when you have to slow down this mighty hoss upon reentering the earth's atmosphere. But just in case you think this machine is only about speed, there is a truly classy organic electro-luminescence multi-function display on the tank and a catalytic converter that keeps the exhaust emissions down while still allowing the bike to sound impressive.

VICTORY KINGPIN LOW

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air- and oil-cooled, 50-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	101 mm x 102 mm
Displacement	1,634 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverted forks
Rear suspension	Single mono-tube gas shock, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 300-mm floating disc
Rear brake	Single 300-mm disc
Front tire	130/70 B18
Rear tire	180/55 B18
Fuel tank	4.5 gallons
Wheelbase	65.6 inches
Seat height	25.2 inches
Dry weight	657 pounds
MSRP	$16,399

When Polaris Industries spawned the Victory Motorcycle in 1999, everyone wondered whether another American cruiser manufacturer could survive in Harley-Davidson's massive shadow. Victory has not only endured but thrived, with unique style and boatloads of attitude thanks to a healthy dose of performance. For its tenth anniversary, Victory decided to do something very cool with its Kingpin cruiser by creating a new variant called the Kingpin Low. This gorgeous ride has Victory's huge 1,634-cc Freedom V-twin engine with a six-speed transmission, thus securing its big-bike status. Yet the Low is designed to fit riders who aren't large in stature, with a seat height that's an inch lower than the standard Kingpin, and hand levers and foot controls designed to be more comfortable and accessible for riders with modest inseams. The side covers are "scalloped" to make the bike narrower, which makes paddling the 657-pound bike around when parking a simple affair. In the past, if you were not the tallest in your class, you often had to settle for a smaller displacement bike to be comfortable. Not anymore.

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BMW HP2 SPORT

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, boxer 180-degree twin
Bore x stroke	101 mm x 73 mm
Displacement	1,170 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	BMS K Engine Management
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	BMW Telelever, single shock, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	BMW Paralever, single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm floating discs, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 265-mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70 R17
Rear tire	190/55 R17
Fuel tank	4.2 gallons
Wheelbase	58.5 inches
Seat height	32.7 inches
Dry weight	392 pounds
MSRP	$25,375

BMW has a long, distinguished history in road racing, although for the past decade or so the company hasn't been as involved as it used to be. This should all change with the HP2 Sport, because this athletic boxer features lots of trick technology stolen from the racetrack. In fact, you might think it would come with a number plate instead of a headlight, but this is definitely a street-legal machine. That said, the bike has the kind of serious hardware that makes it suitable for track duty, while it sports features never before seen on a production BMW. This starts with BMW's classic horizontally opposed twin with trick four-valve heads (with radially mounted valves), forged pistons, and a unique, low-mounted, stainless-steel exhaust system. The instrument cluster is modeled after programmable GP displays and includes top speed and shift point options. The six-speed transmission has a quick-shifter for track use, and BMW's unique front and rear suspensions have racing-spec, fully adjustable dampers. Amazingly, this Beemer still has shaft drive instead of a chain, and optional ABS brakes (with a cancel button for track use). Adjustable bars and footpegs and a wispy 392-pound dry weight complete the sportiest BMW in recent history.

MOTO GUZZI GRISO 1200 8V

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air- and oil-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	95 mm x 81.2 mm
Displacement	1,151 cc
Fuel system	Sequential electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverted forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single gas shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm floating discs
Rear brake	Single 282-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.4 gallons
Wheelbase	61.2 inches
Seat height	31.5 inches
Dry weight	489 pounds
MSRP	$14,290

Some two-wheeled machines have a truly elemental, mechanically pure character. Moto Guzzis have had this attribute from headlight to taillight ever since the company started building motorcycles in 1921. The Griso 1200 8V boasts the latest version of this engine, blending tradition with the newest go-fast technology in the form of a trademark air-cooled V-twin engine mounted in the frame so the cylinders stick out in the breeze like a ground-bound biplane (a design that has powered the company's bikes since 1967). With four-valve "Quattro-valvole" heads and 563 new internal components that update this iconic engine design, this new arrival is easily one of the most powerful Guzzis ever, and it's wrapped in an incredibly sharp package. Magneti Marelli fuel injection with 50-mm Weber throttle bodies ensures crisp throttle response, and the vast double-barrel exhaust system has to be seen—and heard—to be believed. In fact, this could be one of the most diabolically soulful stock exhaust systems ever mated to a motorcycle. Svelte, minimalist bodywork works with a relaxed, upright riding posture to make the Griso a true, elements-be-damned, naked sport bike with a persona like nothing else on the road.

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HARLEY-DAVIDSON V-ROD MUSCLE

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 60-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	105 mm x 72 mm
Displacement	1,250 cc
Fuel system	Electronic sequential-port fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	43-mm inverted forks
Rear suspension	Twin shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 300-mm floating discs, available ABS
Rear brake	Single 300-mm disc, available ABS
Front tire	120/70 R19
Rear tire	240/40 R18
Fuel tank	Five gallons
Wheelbase	67 inches
Seat height	26.7 inches
Dry weight	673 pounds
MSRP	$17,199 (black); $17,504 (color)

When it comes to the struggle to be the baddest of the bad in the boulevard battle to catch the most attention, don't ever underestimate the Motor Company. The V-Rod line of performance cruisers summons Harley's liquid-cooled Revolution V-twin engines, which are as sophisticated and powerful as anything in the class. The Muscle is an all-new variation that has a bad-boy persona all its own, showing that Harley still has the touch when it comes to styling that does all the talking. In addition to the engine's inherent allure, the Muscle grabs your eye with a long, low look, courtesy of stretched, 34-degree inverted front forks, side pipe dual exhausts with turn-out mufflers, and an absolutely massive 240-mm rear tire. The rear fender helps emphasize the powerful presence of this huge roll of rubber with a clean, abbreviated design and one of the coolest taillight arrays ever engineered—it is stealthily tucked underneath the edge of the fender. The license plate mounts on the rear side of the bike, so this artistic tail section isn't fouled by crude bureaucratic ugliness. If you can't attract desirable company on this thing, you really need to check your aftershave.

KAWASAKI NINJA ZX-6R

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline four
Bore x stroke	67 mm x 42.5 mm
Displacement	599 cc
Fuel system	Digital fuel injection
Ignition	Digital
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	41-mm inverted forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single gas-charged shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 300-mm floating "petal" discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.5 gallons
Wheelbase	55.1 inches
Seat height	32.3 inches
Dry weight	421 pounds
MSRP	$9,799

The need for speed is the ultimate motivator when a manufacturer wants to beat the crap out of the other guys at the racetrack. The 600 Supersport class is one of the most hotly contested in all of motorsports, and Kawasaki is serving notice, throwing down the gauntlet, and launching all manner of provocative taunts with its all-new ZX-6R. The great thing is, while Team Green has pulled out all the stops to make its new sport bike a monster at the track, a lot of what's been done will make it a more user-friendly street bike as well. This starts with the new engine, which has extensive use of exotic materials that boost weight savings, and revisions to the intake and exhaust systems to increase mid-range performance. The new six-speed transmission is a "cassette" style that makes it easy to swap out at the track, while the latest in fully adjustable suspension components allow the rider to more accurately dial-in the damping for superb control. The icing on the cake is a new fairing that not only delivers better wind protection for a faster top speed, but also is designed to minimize the effect of crosswinds.

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Nobody Does It Better

Ever since *Goldfinger,* Aston Martin has been James Bond's coupe of choice. Has it finally come to the end of the road?

By Nick Hall

Right now, in movie theaters across the country, an Aston Martin DBS is being ripped to shreds, thanks to James Bond's mortal enemies in the superspy's latest adventure, *Quantum of Solace.* So what's it like to be invited to drive the world's coolest car and imagine, just for a second, that you're the world's coolest man? Well, it doesn't get better than this. Only fear of cliché and pale imitation prevented me from turning up at Aston Martin's headquarters in a rented dinner jacket.

Of course, this isn't the exact same DBS as in the movie's hair-raising climactic car chase. The DBS I'm introduced to is one of four "hero cars" (as the film's crew refers to them) used for close-ups. Never has a name fit better. Even standing still, it's a vision of pure power with aggressive, muscular lines flowing from those strong haunches. It's like a DB9 that Aston sent to the gym. Still, you might wonder if it could possibly be worth spending $100,000 more than the standard Aston luxury sports car costs.

But once you slip into the chunky sport seat in that dark, moody, piano-black interior, insert the chunky glass "Emotional Control Unit" (as Aston Martin calls it—there's nothing so gauche as a key here), and fire it up, such concerns disappear. The six-liter V-12 provides one of the finest sounds in motoring, rockets from 0 to 60 in 4.1 seconds, and goes all the way to 191 miles per hour.

The DBS lives up to the myth in many other ways, too. The gear change is a manly, muscular affair that takes not a push but a punch to click the next gate.

And it's a brute in the bends, thanks to an aggressively tuned suspension and weight-saving measures that include acres of carbon-fiber body-work—Aston Martin even went with a lighter weave for the carpeting. And since the DBS was designed to bridge the gap between the luxurious DB9 and the DBR9 race car, it comes with fade-resistant ceramic brakes. Even though it would still be outclassed by Ferrari's 599 on the track, it's perfect for chasing villains.

But what about the gadgets that Bond cars so famously boast? There is nothing beyond the emergency medical kit and gun compartment we saw in *Casino Royale*. Only a badge on the footplate sets this car apart from any other on the production line, and that's a conscious effort on the part of the film's producers to ditch the wisecracking, gimmick-laden kitsch of previous generations.

It's a testament to the movies, though, that making a car look this ordinary took so much work. No less than seven cars were hacked up for the cause, and although the DBS comes with three-level traction control, it is simply impossible to reproduce Bond's manly moves.

"The DBS is a very safe car designed to save the driver from such things," said Graham Kelly, *Quantum*'s action-vehicle supervisor and the man behind the jaw-dropping chase scenes in *The Bourne Identity*. "Essentially, to get what we want, we have to strip it down and make it unsafe. To get the real slides, we have to modify the traction control. We strengthen the car in places, weaken it in others. We lift the suspension and rebuild it from the ground up to get the effect we want. That's before we even start with rigging, flip cannons, and other equipment." Kelly called in Russian and British rally and race drivers for the action sequences, although star Daniel Craig did as much of the driving as the insurance men allowed.

But the most spectacular crash happened off-camera, on the way to a press conference, when an Aston Martin driver veered off the road and flew through the air into a nearby lake. He came to rest on the bottom before he kicked the door out and escaped with nothing more serious than his wounded pride and a burst eardrum.

It's the DBS itself that might be left licking its wounds. Ford paid handsomely for its Aston Martin cars to be featured in Bond films, but Ford sold the brand last year. Since a James Bond movie represents the ultimate sponsorship deal for a sports car, an unseemly bidding war is probably just around the corner. Personally, I hope they hang on to it and don't revert to the Bentleys Bond drove in Ian Fleming's novels. Because when I floored the throttle and drank in the noise of that gorgeous engine as the scenery turned to vicious streaks, I became Bond, just for a moment. If and when its sibling gets ripped to shreds in the movie, I might even shed a tear. The true star of the film will have breathed its last.

> When I floored the throttle and drank in the noise, I became Bond, just for a moment.

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Chat Room

First-date small talk is a minefield of treacherous topics. Parents? Divorced. Exes? She's comparing you to them right now. Penthouse Pet Martina Warren helps you navigate the tricky terrain.

By Jonathan Ages

LIQUID COURAGE

"Be yourself. But it doesn't hurt to loosen up by having a couple of drinks beforehand. Just don't get too drunk."

FRESH DIRECT

"Don't spark conversation with a standard line. Be spontaneous; make some witty comment about something. Asking about her day may seem like you're not trying hard, but it works for me. Maybe I'm just easy.

"But there's nothing worse than a guy who doesn't let the girl talk. It makes me want to never see him again. And definitely don't go on and on about work. Keep your response to a minute or two and then say, 'That's enough about me. What do you do?' "

> "If she's texting constantly, that's not a good sign. She's probably telling her friends you're a loser."

LAY IT ON LIGHT

"Compliment her, but play it cool and say something casual and off the cuff, like, 'I like your dress.' Definitely don't say, 'Wow, you're hot!' What's she supposed to say to that? Plus, it'll make you look desperate—especially if you're staring at her boobs."

QUIET YOUR NERVES

"A lull in conversation can be good *or* bad, depending on how well the date is going. In general, keep the conversation flowing. You can always fall back on, 'How's your wine?'

"Then again, recognize when it's a nice, relaxing quiet. Figure it out from her facial expressions and body language. Just beware if she's looking for the nearest exit."

NO SOUL-SEARCHING

"Look into her eyes, but don't make it seem like you're staring into her soul. Find a good balance of looking at her and looking around the room. And don't stare at some other girl as if you're setting up a backup plan."

NO EX ON THE FIRST DATE

"Ex-girlfriends are a totally out-of-bounds topic on a first date. You will not come across as the sensitive type. She's going to wonder if you got dumped, and think there's something wrong with you."

SLIM-FIT GENES

"Family is a dangerous topic to discuss, but I think it's safe to ask if she has siblings. Act empathetic if she says anything bad, and don't ask if her sister is hot. It's even worse to ask if her mom is hot. We all know it's a cheap trick to find out what we're going to look like when we get old."

GAME OVER

"You can answer the phone, but keep it brief. There's nothing worse than sitting aimlessly while some guy is chatting with his buddy on the phone about the football game. And if she's texting constantly, that's not a good sign. She's probably telling her friends you're a loser."

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Forward One Page

Red-blooded

Now that the holiday season is impossible to ignore, it's the perfect time for the red-eye, a bold new hair-of-the-dog hangover remedy.

By Tucker Shaw • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

WHAT

Beer is—well, if you don't know what beer is, check the fridge. It's a fermented and filtered, but not distilled, brew of hops, barley, and water. It's best consumed by itself and cold. (I don't care what the English say. Beer is better when it's cold.) In some cases, it makes an excellent mixer.

WHY

The Bloody Mary gets all the ink as a morning-after remedy, but the red-eye is an excellent hangover cure. I think Mexican beers, particularly Negro Modelo or Bohemia, make the best red-eyes. Beck's, a German lager, gets the job done, too.
Tip: Use the straight tomato juice, not the spicy stuff.

HOW

Ingredients (makes one morning-after refresher)
8 ounces beer
1 ounce vodka
2 ounces tomato juice

Pour beer, vodka, and tomato juice into a pint glass. Stir, garnish with lime wedge, and serve.

MIX IT UP

English red-eye: Use gin instead of vodka.
Mexican red-eye: Use tequila instead of vodka.

The Bloody Mary gets all the ink as a morning-after remedy, but the red-eye is an excellent hangover cure.

FROM *A MAN'S PLACE IS BEHIND THE BAR.* © 2008 BY TUCKER SHAW. USED WITH PERMISSION OF CHRONICLE BOOKS LLC, SAN FRANCISCO. VISIT CHRONICLEBOOKS.COM

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THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

DICK-TIONARY DEFINITIONS

Put down that liePhone, you PDA-hole, and cancel that masturdate. It's time for a lesson in cock talk. Expand your brocabulary in 40 easy steps!

By Daniel Maurer

1 ball boy \bawl boi\
A wingman who gives you some much needed balls: "You're totally right, man, that chick who looks like J. Lo *isn't* out of my league. Thanks for being my *ball boy*."

2 bangover \bang-oh-ver\
The groggy, disheveled state you experience the morning after a night of excessive banging.

3 boomerwang \boo-mer-wang\
A wang that's curved like a boomerang, often seen in porn. Its owner is sometimes known as *Captain Hook*.

4 brawkward moment \brawk-werd moh-muhnt\
An instance of adolescent awkwardness due to your inability to unhook or even begin to comprehend her fancy bra.

5 chapsdick \chaps-dik\
A dick that is rubbed on the lips like Chapstick. Slap it on her mouth and it's known as a *slapsdick*.

6 charity jerker \char-i-tee jurk-er\
A girl who makes the ultimate *jackrifice* by jerking you off without asking for anything in return.

7 clitastrophe \cli-tas-truh-fee\
A fingerbang gone horribly a-dry, either because you're a *clitiot* and don't know your way around a vag, or because the girl has a *fitty clitty* that's so hard to locate it's a regular *Osama bin Labia*. If you don't have a high level of *cliteracy* and you find hers hard to read, ask her to lend a twirling hand. Otherwise you may end up in a *mosh clit* that's a chaotic and confusing miasma. Sometimes a girl is the only one who can show you around the *labiarynth*.

8 clockblocked \klok-blokd\
Not being able to initiate or complete sex due to a time constraint.

9 cracktivities \crak-tiv-i-tees\
Activities having to do with a girl's crack, known as *spracktivities* if they involve busting a nut. "Dude, get out your *sprack jacket*, this night is going to involve some illicit *cracktivities*."

10 cuddle scuttle \kuhd-l skuht-l\
To flee postcoital cuddling obligations.

11 déjà do \day-ja doo\
The haunting sensation that you've done this very thing while doing this very chick before.

12 down grade \down-greyd\
A grade that measures a girl's ability at going down on you, with *F* being Flaccid and *A* being Awesome!

13 erectectomy \i-rek-tek-tuh-mee\
An instance of something taking away your erection: "I was harder than Chinese algebra until her *haireolas* gave me an *erectectomy*."

14 Flesh Direct \flesh di-rekt\
A *rendez-screw* where you don't have to go on a date with a girl or see her in the outside world—instead you get *whore-to-door delivery*. Setting up a *ho-to-do'* is as easy as having a nice couch, a bottle of *Whoredeaux*, and a TV that picks up *ho shows* like *The Hills, The O.C.*, or *Gossip Girl*. When it's you who's showing up at her door, it's a *seedy delivery*.

15 Greenpeace mission \green-pees mish-uhn\
An attempt to save a friend from harpooning a whale: "Dude, he's trying to *Moby Dick* her. You better go on a *Greenpeace mission*."

16 Harassanova \huh-ras-uh-noh-vuh\
A dude who thinks he's a Casanova, when the only reason a girl would ever go out with him is to get him off her crack.

17 hog wild \hawg wahyld\
A sudden, deranged, and often self-destructive appetite for fatties: "Dude has gone *hog wild*. The other night he was bragging that he pulled off something called a *fat chick hat trick*."

18 honar \ho-nahr\
A sonar-like ability to know where the ho's are at: "My *honar* is sensing a bachelorette party at Futtbuckers. Onward ho!"

19 jack-n-pack \jak-n-pak\
An instance of ejaculating and then immediately packing your stuff and getting the hell out of her apartment.

20 last bitch effort \lahst bich ef-ert\
When you're kicking it to a girl who's your last chance to get into someone's pants—either because she's the only chick left at the bar or because you're too smashed to approach anyone else. When you're the only single dude left at the bar, you're the *last man landing*.

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21 Maxell \maks-**el**\
When you get head while leaning back in a comfortable chair, like the guy who got "blown away" in the Maxell cassette ads.

22 narcijism **nahr**-suh-jiz-em\
An undue fascination with one's own jism. Don't ask a girl if she's impressed by how far you fired your *jizooka* —you're in the bedroom, not at a shooting range.

23 on-dick circle \awn-**dik** sur-kuhl\
The on-deck circle in which you keep the next girl in your *screw queue*.

24 oraltruism **awr**-uhl-troo-iz-uhm\
Oral sex given for altruistic purposes. Sometimes it's good to show your heart is in the right place by putting your mouth in the right place. Go down on a girl without asking for anything in return and you're *in* for life. (Brownie points if it's during her period.) This sometimes leads to what is alternately called a *boregasm* (when it bores you out of your mind), a *choregasm* (when it feels like you're slaving away), or a *snoregasm* (when you all but fall asleep on her pudenda).

25 orangubang \aw-**rang**-oo-bang\
To bang her like you're a crazed *trimpanzee:* "I totally *orangubanged* this girl the other night—it was monkey see, monkey screw."

26 palibi **pal**-uh-bahy\
Telling your girlfriend that you're out with your pals as an alibi. Sometimes called a *cock and bull story*.

27 Panty Claus **pan**-tee klawz\
A mythical figure who brings you presents along the lines of chicks in panties: "I got a visit from *Panty Claus* last night—this chick came up to me at the bar and just flat-out asked if I wanted to go home with her."

28 pornsition \pawrn-**zish**-uhn\
A position that would only be used in porn; it's so unusual it happens *once in a blue movie*.

29 pussibilities \pus-ee-**bil**-i-tees\
The possibilities for pussy: "Dude, this party is crawling with chicks. The *pussibilities* are endless."

30 Screwrette's \skroo-**rets**\
A condition that causes you to yell out inappropriate things while screwing.

31 spermission \spur-**mish**-uhn\
Permission to release sperm. When you're barebacking, it's important to employ *spew diligence* and get the girl's *blow-ahead* before you blow your load. This is especially true when she's deep-throating you—you need to make sure she's ready to receive your *spewcharist*.

32 splaygiarism **spley**-juh-riz-uhm\
Plagiarizing someone's sex moves—for instance, a porn star's.

33 spunk drunk \spuhngk druhngk\
The perversion of reality that occurs during the afterglow of a *spracktacular* sex sesh: "Oh, baby, I didn't mean it when I told you I loved you and wanted you to bear my progeny. I was just *spunk drunk*."

34 tailsafe **teyl**-seyf\
A failsafe or plan B that ensures you'll get tail, sometimes called a *blueblocker* because she prevents you from getting blue balls, or a *balternate*.

35 the trim reaper \the **trim ree**-per\
Anything that kills your chances at trim. Let's say you're working a girl and her boyfriend calls: You've just received a visit from *the trim reaper*. Let's say you're bagging a *wonder-age girl* who may or may not be legal and her parents burst into the room with the po-po: blue-balled by the scythe of *the trim reaper*. Then there's Sam Cooke: Wearing nothing but a shoe and an overcoat, he chased a hooker who had fled his hotel room only to be shot by the hotel manager. It was a rare double visit from the grim reaper and *the trim reaper*.

36 trimtelligence \trim-**tel**-i-jens\
Intimate information about someone that only his or her sexual partner can possess.

37 vadge of honor \vaj uhv **on**-er\
A vagina you can be proud to have entered.

38 whack-a-ho **wak**-a-ho\
When girls at the bar are just popping up at you one after the other and you have to decide which one to hit.

39 whoreography \hor-**og**-ruh-fee\
The art of choreographing your *ho flow* so that the various girls you're hooking up with never know about—or bump into —each other.

40 wrinkle cream **ring**-kuhl kreem\
An instance of creaming in the company of an older woman: "Dude, I really applied the *wrinkle cream* the other night—I went home with this woman who must've been over 60. She wasn't a cougar, man, she was a *ginasaur*." Just remember, there's no shame in sixty-nining a woman who's 69—sometimes you have to call up the oldest trick in your book and give her a little *Bedicare*. Even if she's as old as Madeleine Albright, she might just keep the bed rattling all night.

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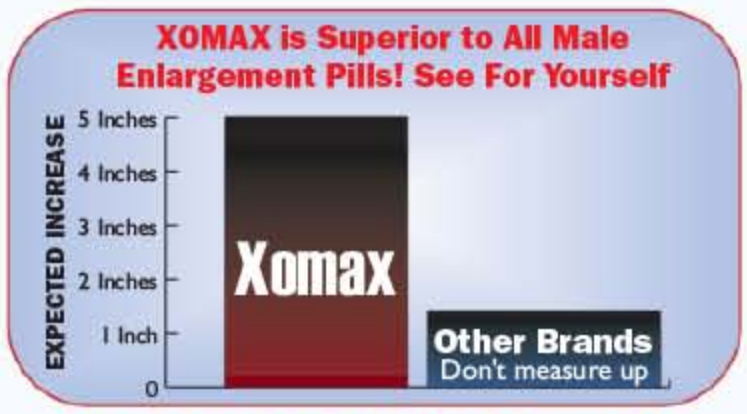

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2009 Pet of the Year Playoff

Once again, it's time for the year in review. Join us as we take a minute or ten to savor the sultry attributes of the eligible bachelorettes who hope to succeed our 2008 Pet of the Year, Erica Ellyson.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PENTHOUSE STUDIOS

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Forward One Page

Taya Parker

JANUARY 2008
Photograph by
Penthouse Studios

Vital stats:
30 years old, 5'0"
32D-23-33

Hometown:
A small town in Ohio.

What gets you excited?
Roller coasters, shoe sales, girls' night out!

What gets you in trouble?
Martinis, Italian boys, and my wild side.

"Choosing to make the adult entertainment field my sole occupation was a risk, but I was willing to take it. And it has paid off beyond my wildest dreams!"

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Cali Taylor

FEBRUARY 2008
Photograph by
Penthouse Studios

Vital stats:
20 years old, 5'7"
32D-25-33

Hometown:
St. Louis.

Favorite sound:
R&B.

Most daring thing you've done:
I broke into an old abandoned hospital. My friends and I hid from the police.

"Once I made love on a balcony right by a huge waterfall. It was hot knowing that anybody could be watching."

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Bree Olson

MARCH 2008
Photograph by
Dean Capture and
Gunter Stone

Vital stats:
22 years old; 5'3"
34D-26-32

Hometown:
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Worst job you've ever had?
Detassling corn in a cornfield.

What gets you excited?
Sexually? Everything! It doesn't take much to get me excited!

"Getting into the porn biz was a no-brainer for me. I like an audience —the more people watching me, the more I get into it."

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Alektra Blue

APRIL 2008
Photograph by
Penthouse Studios

Vital Stats:
25 years old, 5′6″
34D-24-35

Hometown:
Dallas.

Favorite food:
Steak and sushi.

Favorite sport:
Dallas Cowboys
football.

"I'm very comfortable in my own skin. And I'm always ready for sex, especially when the guy is dominant."

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Alexis Love

MAY 2008
Photograph by
Penthouse Studios

Vital stats:
20 years old, 5'3"
32-24-34

Hometown:
Sacramento, California.

Favorite drink:
Red Bull and vodka.

Favorite food:
I love Italian food. I'm not scared of carbs!

"I'm currently single, which I love because I can jump from partner to partner. I'm bisexual, so I like to be with a girl and a boy at the same time."

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Daisy Marie

JUNE 2008
Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
24 years old; 5′4″
34D-24-34

Hometown:
East L.A.

Your ideal man:
I go for the average Joe.

You're always up for:
An adventure.

You're never up for:
Morning sex.

"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was the first time I squirted. It was an orgasm like I'd never experienced before in my life!"

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Shawna Leneé

JULY 2008
Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
21 years old; 5'2"
32D-24-35

Hometown:
Cleveland.

Favorite vacation spot:
Miami has the best nightlife!

Proudest moment:
Becoming Penthouse Pet for July 2008.

"I try to make each sexual experience remarkable. Once when I wanted to spice things up a bit, I had sex on the roof of an apartment building next to a major freeway."

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Jessica Jaymes

AUGUST 2008
Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
29 years old; 5′7″
34D-22-33

Home state:
Alaska.

Worst job:
Weighing cheese at Taco Bell.

Dream job:
Helping the homeless.

"I was a totally rebellious teenager—your typical trouble-maker. I got into fights twice in junior high. Even now, as an adult, nothing turns me on more than makeup sex right after a big fight."

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Kayden Kross

SEPTEMBER 2008
Photograph by Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
23 years old; 5'5"
32D-22-34

Hometown:
Sacramento, California.

Favorite fantasy:
Fucking a gorgeous stranger all night long ... then never seeing him again.

If you could have sex with anyone, past or present:
Kurt Cobain.

"This really is the perfect career for me. My favorite way to work out is sex, and my favorite way to relax is sex. I can get it all done while I'm working!"

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Justene Jaro

OCTOBER 2008
Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
24 years old; 5′5″
34D-25-36

Hometown:
Atlanta.

What gets you excited?
Kisses on my neck.

What gets you in trouble?
My temper.

Ever been in a physical fight?
Plenty!

"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was in public. It's not original, but it's very exciting. I liked the danger factor so much that I also had sex in a club!"

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Audrey Bitoni

NOVEMBER 2008
Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
22 years old; 5'4"
34D-25-33

Hometown:
Monrovia, California.

Favorite food:
Twix.

Favorite drink:
Bacardi rum.

Favorite way to relax:
Hang out with my bong.

"I had a really amazing time once when I had sex at school. I won't get into too many details, but let's just say I found out for sure why they say college is a good time to experiment."

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Tori Black

DECEMBER 2008
Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:
20 years old; 5′9″
34-26-35

Hometown:
Seattle.

Favorite food:
Soy hot wings (I'm vegan).

Favorite fantasy:
A sexy cop showing up at my house to arrest me. I love power plays!

"I once spent an hour and a half having the best sex of my life in a Vegas hotel bathroom—in the tub, on the floor, bent over the counter ... you name it."

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The Magic Number

Several teams around the league have lined up knockoff versions of the "Big Three" that carried Boston to the NBA title last season. We look at the most intriguing new trios.

Three has always been a magic number, from Chinese numerology to old-school De La Soul to *Schoolhouse Rock*. Celtics fans will no doubt agree, as Kevin Garnett, Paul Pierce, and Ray Allen led them to the title last season. This year, assorted franchises added players to produce—or buttress—three-man cores they hope will be the key to the NBA promised land. (New acquisitions in italics.)

Eastern Conference

CLEVELAND CAVALIERS

Core Trio: LeBron James, Zydrunas Ilgauskas, *Mo Williams*

Three for the Money? Okay, sure, Cleveland has more of a Big One in superstar James than a true Big Three. But Ilgauskas is a quality center—at 7'3" he's also the second-tallest player in the league, after Yao Ming—and Williams, who can shoot from the outside and beat defenders off the dribble, will open up the half-court set for James, who is part of the conversation—along with Kobe Bryant and ... maybe no one else—regarding the best player in the league. Cleveland reached the 2007 finals with less.

Numerology: Williams averaged 17.2 points and 6.3 assists a game for Milwaukee last season—he'll slot in as the No. 2 offensive option after LeBron, who averaged exactly 30 points a game last season, along with 7.9 rebounds and 7.2 assists. The 33-year-old Big Z—who came close to averaging a double-double last year (14.1 pts, 9.3 reb per game)—didn't put any more mileage on his tires this summer as the Cavs forbade him from playing in the Olympics for Lithuania. They'll be happy they did come April.

TORONTO RAPTORS

Core Trio: Chris Bosh, José Calderón, *Jermaine O'Neal*

Three for the Money? They're legit contenders if O'Neal is fully recovered from his knee ailments of last season. He's a six-time All-Star with a lot to prove after the sour conclusion of his Pacers career.

Numerology: Calderon broke out last season with averages of 11.2 points and 8.3 assists per game while platooning with T. J. Ford, who's since departed for Indiana. Bosh has the game (22.3 points, 8.7 rebounds per game last year) and the relaxed mind-set (see his YouTube All-Star vote lobby) to weather playoff storms. O'Neal hopes to recapture his form of 2004–05, when he averaged 24.3 points, 8.8 rebounds, and two blocks per game.

PHILADELPHIA 76ERS

Core Trio: Andre Iguodala, Andre Miller, *Elton Brand*

Three for the Money? No newly minted Big Three wannabe has more potential than this one. Remember, Philly led 2008 Eastern Conference finalist Detroit 2–1 in the first round of the playoffs last season before bowing out, and now they've added one of only four players in the league to average 20 points and ten rebounds a game for his career.

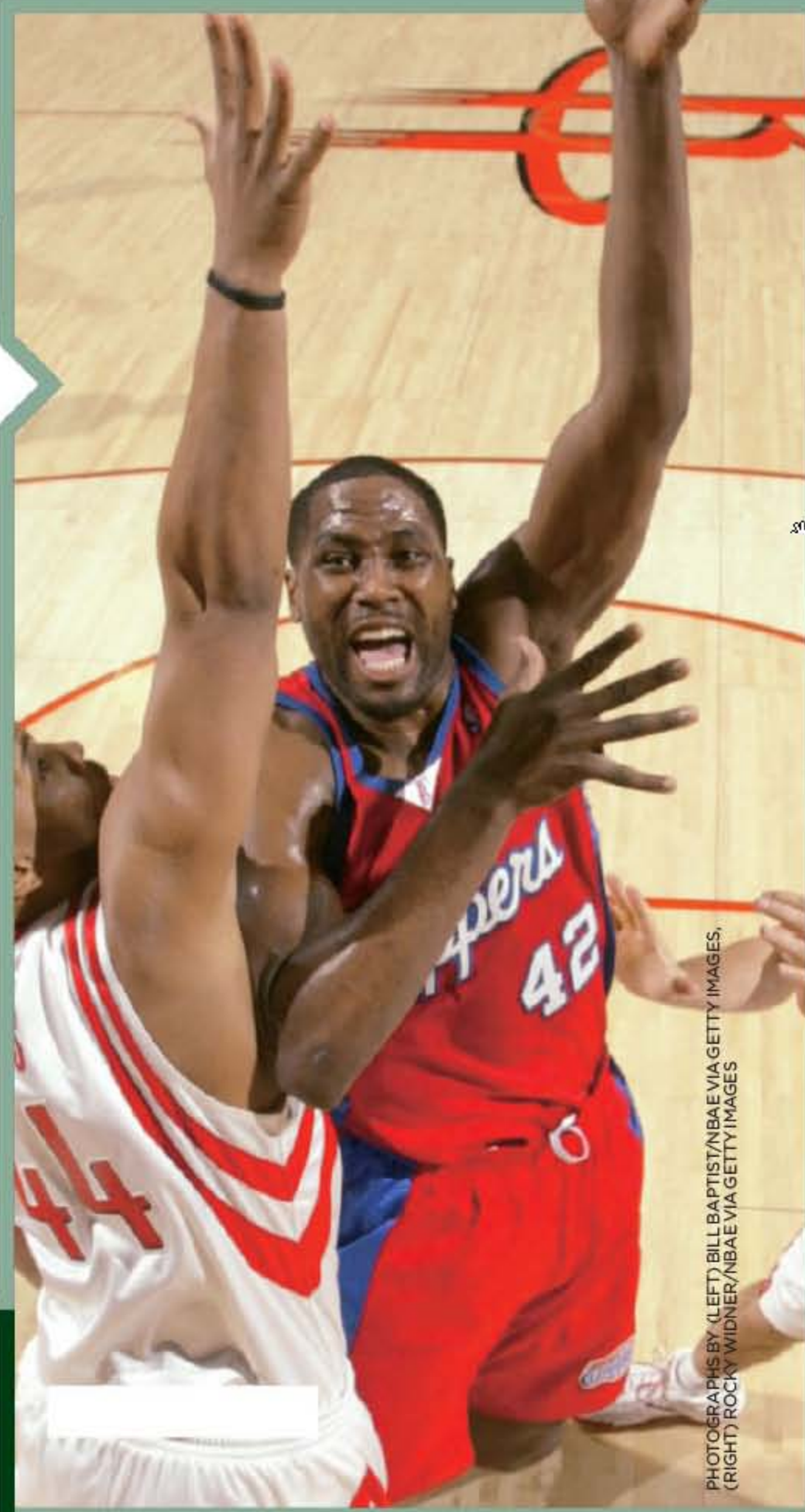
Numerology: Iguodala racked up 19.9 points, 5.4 rebounds, and 4.8 assists a game last year. Miller proved he's a legit point guard, averaging 17 points and 6.9 assists per game. Brand may be coming back from a ruptured Achilles tendon, but he's a massive upgrade over last year's power forward, Reggie Evans.

MIAMI HEAT

Core Trio: Dwyane Wade, Shawn Marion, *Michael Beasley*

Three for the Money? We're not suggesting that a team that won 15 games last season—15!—is going to contend for the conference title a year later, but on paper at least, the Heat is vastly improved. For starters, D-Wade is healthy and hungry again, as he demonstrated during the Beijing Olympics. Shawn Marion clearly has off-court issues (read: he's a head case), but the guy is a superior talent who *should* be a franchise building-block. Beasley, the No. 2 pick of the draft, is loaded with upside. (Though he may be a head case as well: See the $50,000 fine he received for an incident during the league's Rookie Transition Program.)

Numerology: With career averages of 18 points, ten rebounds, two steals and one block per game, Marion is as versatile as he is talented; Beasley averaged 26.2 points and 12.4 rebounds in college last year; and Wade is back to being D-Wade—the player we knew before injuries limited him to 51 games in each of the past two seasons.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT) BILL BAPTIST/NBAE VIA GETTY IMAGES, (RIGHT) ROCKY WIDNER/NBAE VIA GETTY IMAGES

THREE FOR THE ROAD

Detroit held on to Chauncey Billups and Rasheed Wallace, who form a solid core along with Rip Hamilton and Tayshaun Prince. Solid, but aging. **Orlando** added capable shooting guard Mickael Pietrus to superstar Dwight Howard and three-point gunner Rashard Lewis to form a near-Big Three. But the conference has improved and the Magic will be hard-pressed to match their 52 wins of a year ago. **Washington** re-signed electric point guard Gilbert Arenas to a whopping six-year $111 million deal—only to see Agent Zero go down for his third knee surgery in 17 months. He'll be out until December watching Antawn Jamison, Caron Butler, and the rest of the Wizards try to keep pace in the newly competitive East.

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Forward One Page

By John Bolster

Western Conference

HOUSTON ROCKETS

Core Trio: Yao Ming, Tracy McGrady, *Ron Artest*

Three for the Money? We picked the Rockets to make some noise last year—and they did reel off 22 straight victories at one point, the second-longest win streak in NBA history—and we're even more enthusiastic this year, with a caveat. What would that be, you ask? Hey, no one likes Ron-Ron more than *Penthouse* (we put him on our *cover* in 2005), but it's clear that he brings some funky chemistry to the mix—along with elite defensive chops and reliable scoring ability. So if—an admittedly Grand Canyon–sized *if*—Artest can keep his act together, he'll add at least a handful of wins to the 55 Houston notched last season.

Numerology: Yao and McGrady have something in common: Despite being perennial All-Stars (six selections for Yao, seven for McGrady), neither player has ever advanced past the first round of the playoffs. Houston brass is rolling the dice on Artest to change that. He scored 20.5 points a game last season and gives the Rockets an excellent third option after McGrady (21.6 ppg) and Yao (22.0 ppg). Artest himself called it "the biggest opportunity I've ever had playing basketball."

LOS ANGELES LAKERS

Core Trio: Kobe Bryant, Pau Gasol, Andrew Bynum

Three for the Money? No doubt about it. The Lakers reached the NBA Finals last season without the services of Bynum, whose breakout season was interrupted by knee surgery in January. He'll start at center, moving Gasol to power forward and giving the Lakers a frontcourt to be reckoned with.

Numerology: The 21-year-old Bynum was averaging a double-double (13.1 ppg, 10.2 rpg) when he went down, and should be even better as the Lakers strive to re-climb the championship mountain. Gasol led all scorers at the Olympics for Spain's silver-medal team, putting up 19.6 points per game, and Bryant is probably the best player on earth at the moment. Last season, he averaged 28.3 points a game, was named first-team All-Defense for the eighth time in his career, and took home his first league MVP award. What can he do for an encore? How about a fourth NBA title?

PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS

Core Trio: Brandon Roy, LaMarcus Aldridge, *Greg Oden*

Three for the Money? Not yet, since no member of this trio is older than 24 years old (Oden is only 20), but for the future? You bet. The Blazers' 2007–08 season seemed DOA when Oden went down with a season-ending knee injury last September, but instead of folding, the team—led by Roy and Aldridge—strung together a 13-game winning streak in December and finished a respectable 41-41. Now they'll add Oden, the No. 1 pick of the 2007 draft.

Numerology: Aldridge essentially doubled his 2006–07 points-per-game average (from 9 to 17.8). Roy became an All-Star, averaging 19.1 points and almost six assists a game. That latter figure should rise this season, when he'll be able to feed the 7′, 250-pound Oden, who had 25 points, 12 rebounds, and four blocks in his last competitive game, the 2007 NCAA championship against Florida.

NEW ORLEANS HORNETS

Core Trio: Chris Paul, David West, Peja Stojakovic

Three for the Money? The Hornets racked up 56 victories with this group in their lineup last season, so it's not a *new* trio, but it's been significantly boosted by the addition of sixth-man stud James Posey, who knows all about playing with three stars: He helped Boston win the title last year with lockdown D and timely three-pointers. Look for the Hornets in the Western Conference finals next spring.

Numerology: Paul matured into the No. 1 point guard in the league last year, averaging 21.1 points and 11.6 assists per game. West's numbers last season (20.6 points, 8.9 rebounds, 2.3 assists per game) placed him among the best power forwards in the league, and he figures to get even better (in lockstep with the man setting him up, Paul). Stojakovic reestablished himself as a premier sniper last season, draining three threes per game and averaging 16.4 points.

THREE FOR THE ROAD

San Antonio won the NBA title two years ago and reached the conference finals last year, but with stalwarts like Tim Duncan, 32, Manu Ginobili, 31, Bruce Bowen, 37, and Kurt Thomas, 36, the Spurs are getting long in the tooth. The same can be said for **Phoenix,** long the NBA's most exciting team but now—with a core of Steve Nash, 34, Shaquille O'Neal, 36, and Grant Hill, 36—one with a rapidly closing championship window. No one will sleep on **Utah** in the West, as the Jazz secured elite point guard Deron Williams for three years at $50 million. Williams has improved every year, and is bringing teammates like center Mehmet Okur, forward Carlos Boozer, and shooting guard Ronnie Brewer right along with him.

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Holy Hookup, Batman!

For many moviegoers, interest in the Caped Crusader lasted only until the lights came up at the end of this year's smashing hit, The Dark Knight. *But for a swelling number of hard-core fans and aspiring authors,* The D.K. *provided yet more fodder for their endless, sexed-up obsession.*

By Shari Goldhagen • Illustration by Coulas & Lourdes

Gather a gaggle of girls, add a few martinis, shake, and it's only a matter of time before talk turns to only one thing: fantasy fucklists.

Yes, that time-honored tradition of cataloging the famous men who'd surely be in our beds if it weren't for pesky things like Hollywood starlets and restraining orders. My friends are no different; we recently didn't make it past the second round of drinks before the lists were brandished.

Someone thought Shia LaBeouf was hot but too young (and maybe gay?), Harrison Ford hot but too old. As for me, I let my mind wander, and here is where it unequivocally settled: Batman.

There'd been nods of agreement with prime choices like Brad Pitt and Hugh Grant, but my pick was met with blank stares and slackened jaws.

"Yeah, Christian Bale is really hot," one friend offered weakly.

"Not Christian Bale," I said, "and definitely not Michael Keaton or even George Clooney, but Batman." More dead silence; clearly I was the only one in the room with a subscription to *Detective Comics.*

"*Mmm,* Clooney," another friend finally cooed. It's hard to argue with Clooney.

And yet I suspected I'm not the only one who finds the Dark Knight alluring on dark nights. I mean, come on: that rippling washboard stomach/suit; that lip-framing mask; those religion-revealing tights. A make-out session in the Batmobile could undo a lot of emotional damage inflicted by the gearshift of my high school boyfriend's Nissan Sentra. And *The Dark Knight,* which Warner Bros. is planning to rerelease next month in a not-so-subtle reminder to Oscar voters, has earned almost a billion bucks around the world. I simply couldn't be alone in seeing the serious sex appeal of a well-hung utility belt.

A quick spin around ye olde Internet proved that I am far from alone. There I soon found thousands of stories about the DC Comics' Kevlar-encased icon. Apparently I am not the only one wondering if there's a bat insignia on Bruce's boxers.

The idea of people telling stories about characters they did not invent isn't a new one. A case could easily be made that it goes all the way back to average citizens spinning yarns around the fire about some really cool warrior named Odysseus or those crazy gods on Mount Olympus.

Modern fan fiction, however, probably has its roots less in Greek mythology and more in the *Star Trek* fanzines of the late sixties and seventies—it seems there was intense interest in what *really* went on in the captain's quarters during that five-year mission. The increased accessibility of the World Wide Web in the mid-nineties burst open the floodgates. It was suddenly possible for writers and readers to find each other and interact with little lag time or cost. With a simple search, an anime buff in, say, Buffalo could be reading and commenting on the InuYasha tale of a Tokyo resident.

Today, FanFiction.net—the largest database for such writing—has more than a million fan-authored pieces based on productions as diverse as Stephanie Meyer's *Twilight* series of teen vampire books and the funky late-seventies TV sitcom *WKRP in Cincinnati.* Pieces range from full-blown action adventures to angst-y existential meltdowns, but more often than not writers gravitate toward the erotic dalliances that are often just subplots in source material. And while Harry Potter seems the undisputed king of fandom (nearly 400,000 stories on FanFiction.net alone), as far as comic heroes go, Gotham's finest isn't doing too badly for himself at all.

Though dozens of fanfic writers want Superman and Wonder Woman to create genetically gifted spawn, and there are hundreds of curious configurations of the uncanny X-Men, Bruce Wayne's softer side garners a great deal of ink. For a crime-stopper who doesn't fly, turn gigantic and green, or spew web from his wrists—that is, without any *actual* superpowers—plenty of people want nothing more than to curl up with our hero and his enormous ... bat ears.

"It makes sense that writers would want to explore Batman's erotic life," says Ian Kerner, sex therapist and author of the best-selling book *She Comes First.* "He's dark and brooding, and he has the complex emotions of a real person. As much as he's saving others, he's really crying out to be saved himself."

Kerner explains that for many people, vulnerability—the

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Forward One Page

idea that they could be the one to break through the emotional armor—is quite a turn-on.

"And let's not forget he's freaking rich," Kerner adds. "Spider-Man lives with his aunt, and Superman's in that ice fortress. Bruce Wayne, on the other hand, owns prime real estate—and the tight black S&M garb probably holds some appeal as well."

Pow!

Just like that form-fitting basic black he's partial to, many online writers seem to think that Batman goes with everything—and everyone. There exist thousands of conventional storylines featuring Batman's comic leading ladies—Catwoman, Talia, Vicki Vale—as well as enough Bruce/Boy Wonder sex scenes to warrant a Wayne Manor visit by Child Protective Services. Other writers like the idea of DC's Holy Trinity—our hero, Superman, and Wonder Woman—becoming a Bat-based ménage à trois. But the borderline illegal (and definitely fucked-up) award goes to the dozens of Internet encounters between the 80-year-old Bruce Wayne and his 17-year-old protégé, Terry McGuiness, of the late-nineties television series *Batman Beyond*. Then there are the crazy crossovers—the Caped Crusader with Marvel Comics' Ironman (two billionaire playboys; lots of great gadgets), Hugh Laurie's caustic *House* doc, or *Pirates of the Caribbean*'s Captain Jack Sparrow.

"A dark, erotic fanfic where Batman is the submissive in a relationship with Nightwing [Robin all grown-up] can be just as convincing as a light, romantic story where he and Catwoman have vanilla sex by candlelight," explains fanfic writer Meljean Brook. "Putting Batman in relationships—sexual or otherwise—allows readers to identify with someone who understands Batman, or who is attempting to understand him, and through that character *we* understand better."

Brook's pieces are primarily "ship"-oriented, as in "relationship." In fanfic-speak, these are tales about a couple that isn't explicitly together in the source material. Her pairing of choice: Bruce and Diana of Themyscira, aka Wonder Woman. The coupling is hugely popular online at such sites as FanFiction, the Last Arkham, and DC Fanfiction, among others, all of which archive stories and fan art.

"The appeal of their relationship lies in their friction," Brook says. "They're both warriors who are exceptionally intelligent, but present them with an external conflict, and they'll have different opinions on how to face it."

For its part, DC *has* flirted with the coupling. Comics writer Joe Kelly let Bats and Wondy kiss, die, come back, and contemplate a relationship during his tenure at the *Justice League Elite* books. And the animated TV series spin-off had the two dangerously close to dating. The comic-book illustrations of them sparring are hot enough that a reader could believe Batman doesn't mind losing to the amazon. But even the most hard-core BM/WW shippers admit it seems unlikely that DC would let their iconic moneymakers ride the Batmobile off into the sunset.

Still, it has proved fertile ground for scribes, such as Brook. In her story "Haunted," a curse is placed on Batman and Diana helps break it. Sex, love, and angst ensue:

One of the most effective ways to safely warm a person suffering from hypothermia was to hold them close, skin to skin.

And he could feel far, far too much of her skin.

He tried to gently slide her arm from his chest, move out from under, but she woke, looked up at him, and blinked.

"What do you think you are doing?" Of course, Bruce thought, she wouldn't have morning breath. Damn perfect woman.

"Leaving." He tried his best Batgrowl, but was intensely aware that its effectiveness was somewhat limited without the Batsuit. And even more limited than that, considering that he was unclothed except for his underwear.

Brook is also the author of a series of paranormal romances

"Spider-Man lives with his aunt, and Superman's in that ice fortress. Bruce Wayne, on the other hand, owns prime real estate—and the tight S&M garb holds some appeal as well."

called *The Guardian* books, and says it took her six months to write her first fanfic, roughly the same amount of time she spent completing her first published novel. Because fanfic writers don't own the characters (for that you have to bother the creators, in this case DC and the estate of Bob Kane), they can't profit from their writing due to copyright laws, which begs the simple question: Why bother?

"Fans are as greedy as they are obsessed," says Brook. "When the comic books and movies don't ask the same questions we do, or don't seem willing to explore the same territory, fan-fiction writers are going to do it—not for money, but because they want to see 'what if.' "

An entertainment consultant calling herself Chris Dee says she began writing her *Cat Tales* series in 2001, after growing disgusted with DC writers Frank Miller and Bronwyn Carlton revamping Catwoman's (Selina Kyle) origin from "a beautiful, witty, and cultured woman who was Bruce Wayne's equal, adversary but not quite enemy" to a brutalized lady of the night. Dee's Catwoman is sexy and smart and steals for sport. Batman corners her on a rooftop, stolen goods in her claws, and asks if she wants to do things the easy way or the hard way. Without blinking a green eye, she purrs, "Why, Batman, just how hard do you want it to get?"

Meow!

In a clever dig at DC, Dee's Selina creates an off-Broadway show to quiet rumors about her, and, in the spirit of the best romantic comedies, this starts her relationship with Bruce. But as Selina (who knows her Shakespeare in Dee's world) might say, the course of true love never did run smooth:

Let me be clear about this—I did not intend to ram my knee into his gut when I started returning that kiss. He leaned in, and I may have let out a breath or something that he took as a go-ahead, because all of a sudden our lips were touching and there was this hand on my waist and another stroking my hair, and it was very pleasant for a few moments. But then, just as suddenly, it was way too real. I mean, just when I should've been thinking, Wow! Finally, this is Batman, this is the fantasy, *I was acutely aware that this wasn't "Batman" at all. This was the guy inside Batman, and a very real and vulnerable man who could obviously be hurt very badly, and what the hell was he doing getting mixed up with somebody like Catwoman of all people? And that's when I kicked him in the stomach.*

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

"I expected to vent my spleen for two chapters, get my thoughts out there, and that would be that," Dee told me.

Seven years later, she's halfway through her fifth volume of stories, devotees of her series fill message boards with discussions of each new chapter, and they've designed fan art and even launched spin-off series based on her alternate take on the DC universe. Though it can take her a year and a half to complete a book she's not paid to write, Dee has found other rewards. "I got a fan letter from Iraq," she says. "Seriously—a soldier who couldn't post on the message boards and had to jump through some hoops to send the e-mail. Then I had one reader who discovered the tales when he was in Afghanistan. Those keep you going."

J. C. Roberts came to Batman fanfics for similar reasons. Having grown up with comic books, she took issue with recent arcs that had the Caped Crusader doing unceremoniously non-Batman-y things (she found especially irksome the *Bruce Wayne Murderer?* storyline, where our guy allows a woman protecting him to rot in prison for months).

The 47-year-old Philadelphia teacher and mother of a comic-reading teen wrote a story that had been rattling around in her head for more than a decade—while her son was always her first reader, she didn't show him some of the sexier parts. Her novel-length *Truth and Justice* series pairs a fiftysomething Bruce with Martha Kent—a character of Roberts's imagination—who is the adult daughter of Clark Kent and Lois Lane and a superhero in her own right.

While many fanfic writers shy away from action sequences, Roberts's trilogy has plenty of full-on fight scenes, and her saga includes subplots for dozens of DC characters. At its heart, though, it's still a love story—with complications:

"Your bed's too small," Bruce said, squirming to free a stuffed superhero figure that was trapped beneath his shoulder. He picked up the Superman doll. "And your father keeps staring at me."

"You'll notice," she added, as Bruce's face started to cloud, "That I have two Batmans."

Picking one of them up in each hand, he mused, "Kinky."

"The fact that Bruce is sexually involved with Superman's daughter—while something he thinks initially wrong for honorable reasons—is also a turn-on," Roberts says. "In the comics, Batman has always been attracted to the forbidden, or the character wouldn't have become involved with Catwoman or Talia. The idea for *Truth and Justice* is that Bruce and Martha's involvement would first create a wedge in the already tense relationship between Batman and Superman, but would eventually unite their legacies."

A number of writers would like to see Batman and Superman united in, uh, *other* ways. In the 1950s, Frederic Wertham got the Senate riled up with his notion that Batman and Robin were actually gay partners, and there are still plenty of fanfic writers out there giving credence to his theory with Bruce Wayne/Dick Grayson "slash"—a term that refers to fanfics where two male characters engage in sexual acts despite being straight in canon. But the slash pairing of Superman and Batman gives the Boy Wonder a run for his batarangs. In the comics, the two often serve as foils for each other—Supes as the big blue Boy Scout vs. Batman, whose tactics often aren't that different from those of the criminals he pursues. In 2003, DC launched a monthly *Superman/Batman* series highlighting the friendship and antagonism between the two and widening the menu to fanfic writers.

The matchup was a natural fit for Lara, a thirtysomething French Canadian IT professional using the pen name ADarkerKnight. A fan of both DC superstuds since childhood, Lara couldn't decide which one made a better tattoo, so she settled upon the logo from the Superman/Batman comics—an *S* shield nestled inside a bat emblem. The writing followed. "I had a slashy tattoo already, so I figured I'd dive right in," she says. "They work incredibly well as partners, and it takes just a tiny little stretch of the imagination to picture them as a couple."

She's written several pieces, including the multichapter *Kansas*, where a pre-Bat Bruce Wayne shacks up with a pre-Man of Tomorrow Clark Kent in Nepal. In a way that seems entirely organic, Clark wants a meaningful relationship, while Bruce is reluctant.

Just days before the much-anticipated sequel to *Batman Begins, The Dark Knight,* hit theaters in mid-July, several new sites sprung up for stories spun off from the flick. Dozens of authors penned slash tales about Heath Ledger's Joker and Christian Bale's angry Bat. One 23-year-old writer, using the nom de plume Cindercupcakes, thought a more convincing scenario involved the film's love triangle forming a threesome—Batman; Aaron Eckhart's Harvey Dent; and Dent's fiancée, Rachel Dawes, played by Maggie Gyllenhaal.

"Rachel loves both Bruce and Harvey," Cindercupcakes says. "Harvey loves Rachel and the idea that Batman represents, and Bruce loves Rachel and the ideals that Harvey encompasses—the ability to heal Gotham without wearing a mask."

She got the idea during a premiere-day midnight screening of *Dark Knight,* and posted "No Loneliness (Like Theirs)" before the film finished its box-office-record-breaking first week:

Rachel slipped Harvey's shirt completely off his shoulders and pushed him back down, settling on top of him now that her dress was gone. His hands played along her thighs until she leaned down to kiss him again, and she felt Bruce's arms go around her waist as she pinned Harvey's wrists to the incredibly soft mattress. She bit at his shoulder this time, and a low cry escaped him; she felt him stiffen further beneath her. Her own body responded in kind to that noise, warmth shooting through her, and she pushed back against Bruce a little harder, trying to signal to him that she wasn't going to break anytime soon.

While Cindercupcakes agrees the ménage à Bat seemed an unlikely end to Christopher Nolan's film, she discovered she wasn't alone. "The number of people who wrote me and said, 'This is exactly what I wanted to read after seeing the movie,' floored me," she says. "Maybe I managed to hit on something."

Cindercupcakes is selling herself short—the idea that her Baterotica has moved many readers is beyond a dark shadow of a doubt.

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Basic Instinct

In his latest flick, writer/director Adam Rifkin adds "movie star" to his job description. After all, who doesn't love a good three-way?

By Kara Wahlgren

Not every movie star makes a brilliant director (just ask Nicolas Cage). And not every director can deliver on camera (we're looking at you, Quentin Tarantino). But a few legends have pulled it off—think Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton. That also happens to be the list of Adam Rifkin's idols, so it's no surprise that Rifkin went for it in his raunchy caveman comedy, *National Lampoon's Homo Erectus*. Er, make that *National Lampoon's Stoned Age*. The title was changed after a certain big-box store refused to market the scientifically accurate version. "Try as we might, we just can't convince retailers that *Homo Erectus* is a comedy about cavemen and not gay porn," Rifkin gripes. "What will be the next casualty, *homo*-genized milk?"

Rifkin's movie gigs have run the gamut from comedy to drama, including writing and directing *The Long Backward, The Chase, Welcome to Hollywood,* and *Night at the Golden Eagle;* directing *Detroit Rock City;* and writing the kiddie flicks *Underdog, Zoom,* and *Small Soldiers*. Now, to mark the DVD release of *Stoned Age,* Rifkin teamed up with Penthouse Studios for a sexy, Amazon-themed

Rifkin and Ali Larter

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Rifkin bathes with the Amazons

Ron Jeremy lets it (almost) all hang out

shoot, which, in typical *Penthouse*—and *National Lampoon*—style, got truly down and dirty. (See page 64.) When he spoke to *Penthouse*, though, Rifkin focused on monkey sex, penile injuries, and Gary Busey—the usual Hollywood hazards.

Why a caveman movie?

[Producer] Brad Wyman and I were very far down the road on a movie that was going to be our biggest to date. Everything was going well, and then one thing led to another and the movie star became unavailable. As a result, the project fell apart. So Brad—very much as a joke—said, "Why don't you just become a movie star? It'd make getting these movies made a hell of a lot easier." I thought, *Okay, this is an interesting challenge*. But I was also thinking, *If I'm going to write a movie to star in, it's not going to get a whole lot of money. So what would be an inexpensive setting?* I thought making a caveman movie would be really cheap. We're outside in the wilderness and wearing loincloths. I was wrong, but that's how the idea came about.

You teamed up with Burnt Orange Productions, which is affiliated with the University of Texas Film Institute. Was that decision budget-driven?

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Burnt Orange finances the movie, and one of the benefits of the deal is that you get free production assistants and free interns. [But] when you're making independent movies, you usually get free interns and free PAs anyway. I have to say, one of the things we did to save money was take my stuntman out of the budget. I got really into the whole romance of that idea—that was a mistake. I wrenched my shoulder, I hurt my sciatic nerve when I fell on my ass one time, I blew out both my knees. I really banged myself up. One time in particular, I was supposed to fall three feet off a little ledge onto an air bag. Which I did perfectly, but I bounced off the air bag and rolled down this really long hill. And at the bottom of the hill, I landed in this cactus patch. When I stood up, I realized that a bunch of big cactus needles were stuck in my wiener. So we had to put production on hold for a couple of hours while I figured out how to extricate them.

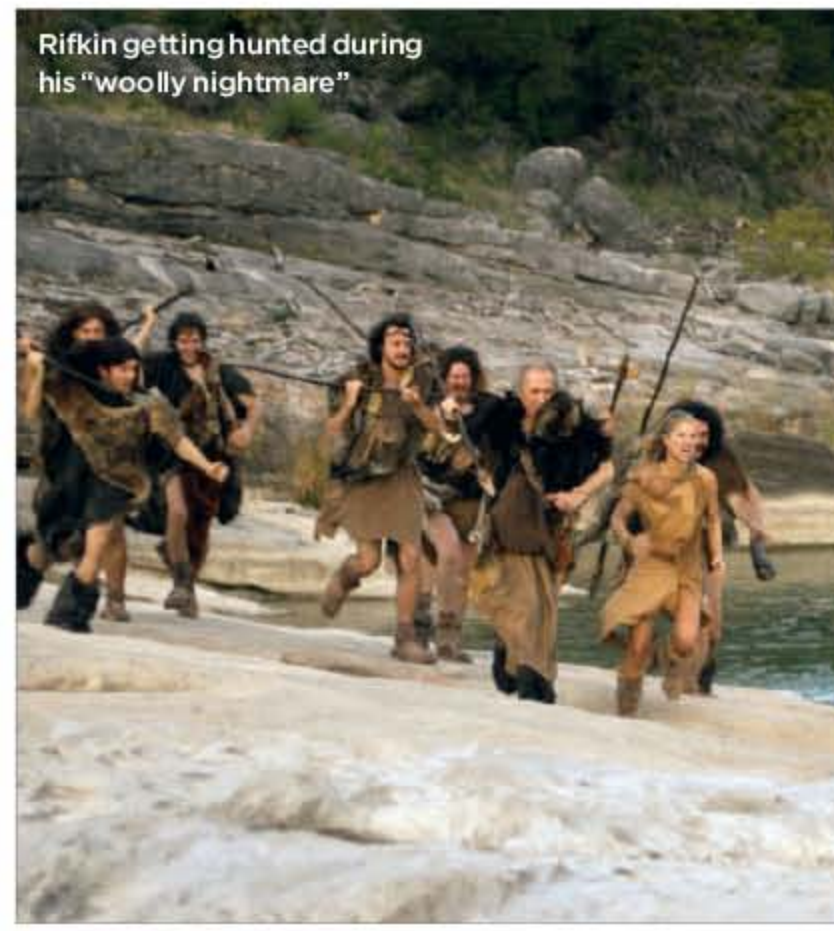
It didn't involve the free PAs, did it?
No. I handled it by myself, with the set medic. It was very embarrassing. That was one injury I didn't see coming. Blowing out a knee? I get it.

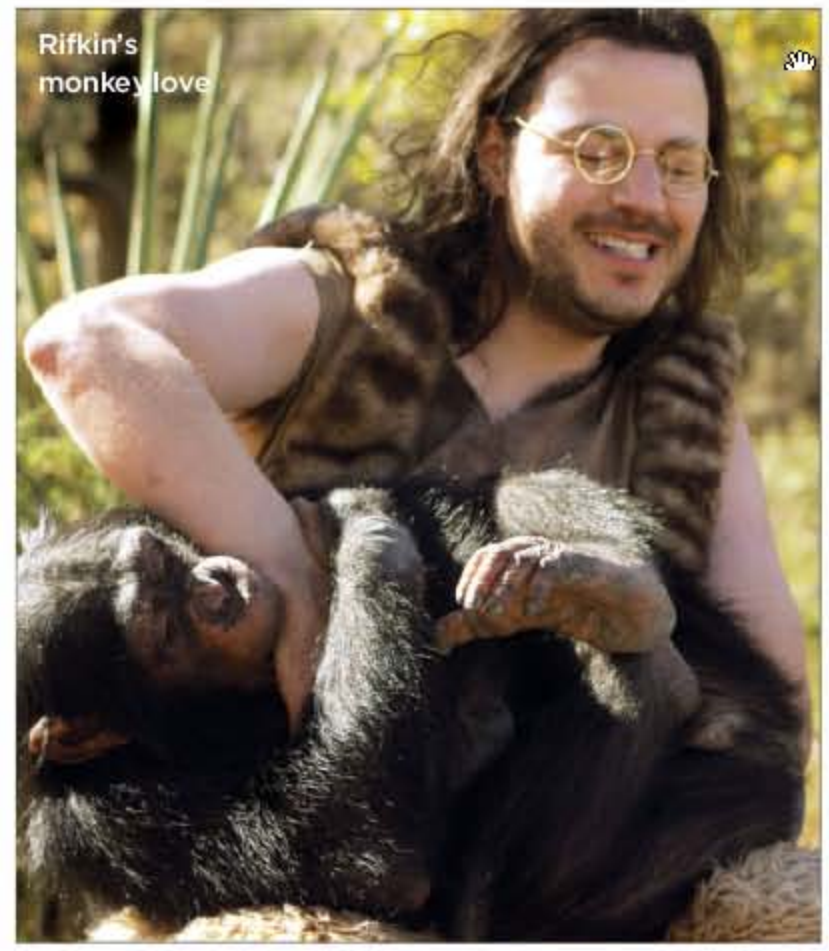
Injuries aside, how does acting compare with writing and directing?
Well, I've always suspected this was the case, but I found that I was right: The actors have all the fun. But seriously, directing is my passion. I didn't even have time to get nervous about the acting part, because I was just trying so hard to get all the shots we needed before the sun went down every day. I did feel sort of bitten by the acting bug, though. It was such a blast. Of course, I was the only actor on the movie who continually forgot his lines, even though I wrote them. And as a director, I'm always impatient with actors who forget their lines.

Did you get any pointers from your castmates?
Everybody was really understanding of the fact that this was my first shot at starring in a movie. I made sure I was surrounded by real actors—that whoever was cast had a lot of experience. We were really lucky to get Ali Larter; she was the first one to come on. David Carradine is a legend, obviously, and Talia Shire is an Academy Award nominee. The fact that they all rallied to support me was really cool.

Speaking of Ali Larter, we have to ask: When you wrote the screenplay, why give your character a sex scene with a monkey instead of with her?

Larter gets her cavegirl on


Rifkin getting hunted during his "woolly nightmare"


Rifkin's monkey love

Rifkin crashes hot-chick headquarters

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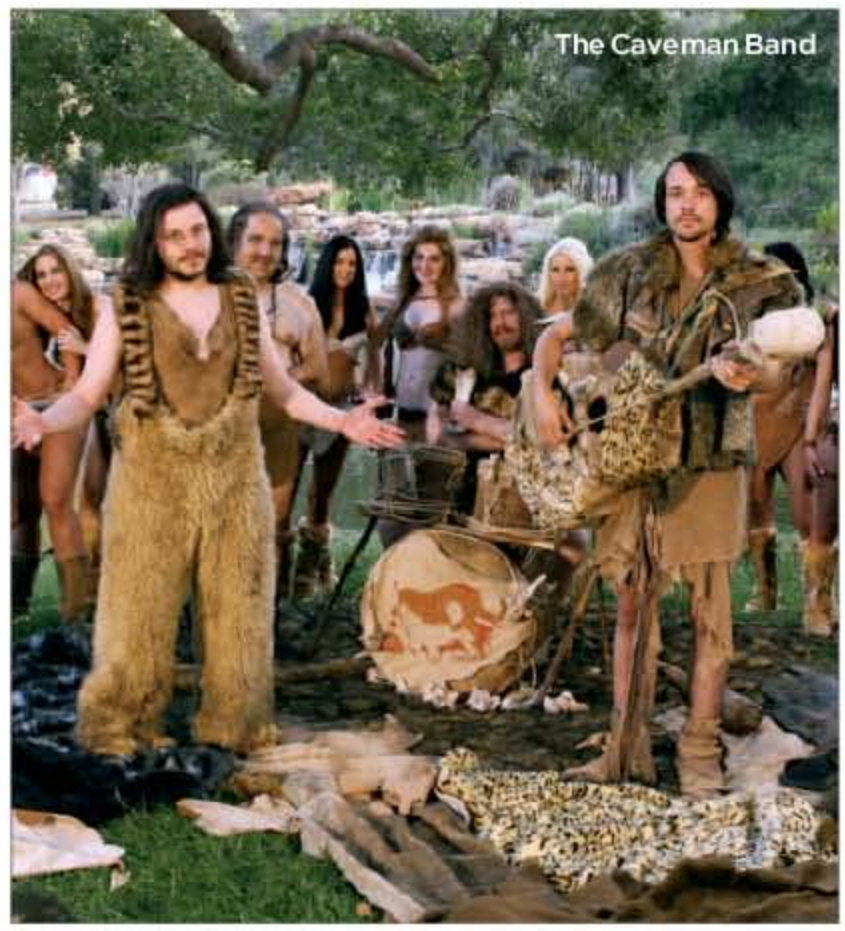
Cave Granny



The Caveman Band

Circle jerk, um, we mean fertility ritual

July 2007 Pet of the Month Sasha Grey

Amazon babes get bushy

"We had to put production on hold for a couple of hours while I extricated a bunch of big cactus needles from my wiener."

Here was my evil scheme. I fully expected that, because I was the writer, director, and star, she would fall madly in love with me and we would have a true Hollywood success story with respect to our love affair. But, of course, that didn't happen. Under the heading of "life imitates art imitates life," she is now engaged to Hayes MacArthur, who plays my brother in the movie—her character rejects me to marry him. Something went very wrong there.

Not the best-laid plan. She seems like she'd be fun to have on-set, though.
She's the best. She was totally game for however ridiculous we got.

What about Gary Busey?
Out of his mind. Completely out of his mind. I think that's been pretty well-documented thus far, so I don't think I'm going to get in trouble for saying that. But there's something about Gary Busey that translates onto film that is just hilarious. He was nuts on-set, but it all worked out perfectly.

You also had some porn legends on board—Ron Jeremy and July 2007 Pet of the Month Sasha Grey.
Well, who better to save money on body-hair application than Ron? He's a hairy dude. He also brings his own clothes ... *ba-dum-bum*. Ron has transcended from porn star to international icon. He's also genuinely funny. And I actually think Sasha Grey has a real future as a crossover star.

She looked pretty good in her costume ... or lack thereof. Is that what inspired your *Penthouse* shoot?
We re-created some scenarios from the film, but naked versions. In the movie, some of those Amazon women got a little bit scantily clad, so this is kind of an extension of what the Amazonians might have been up to when the cameras weren't around. A lot of girls who were in the shoot had very small roles in the movie, but were very much the stars of the shoot. So it was fun to see them have their moment in the spotlight, you know what I mean?

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Primal Urges

The all-too-brief Amazonian orgy in Stoned Age *left us wanting more—and luckily, Rifkin was happy to oblige. If ancient times had been this hot, we doubt anyone would have bothered to discover fire.*

Photographs by Misha

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SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton

PHS1

Shay Laren

PHS2

Jamie Lynn

PHS3

Heather Vandeven

PHS4

Andie Valentino

PHS5

Kimberly Williams

PHS6

VIDEOS

Tyler Faith

PHV1

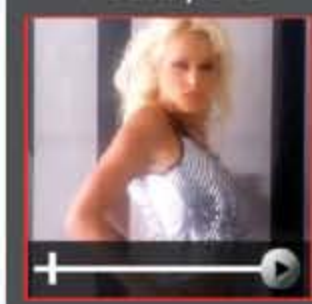
Krista Ayne

PHV2

Mikayla

PHV3

Zdenka Podkapova



PHV4

Nicole Sheridan

PHV5

Gianna Lynn

PHV6

Suzene

PHV7

Montana Bay

PHV8

Gabi

PHV9

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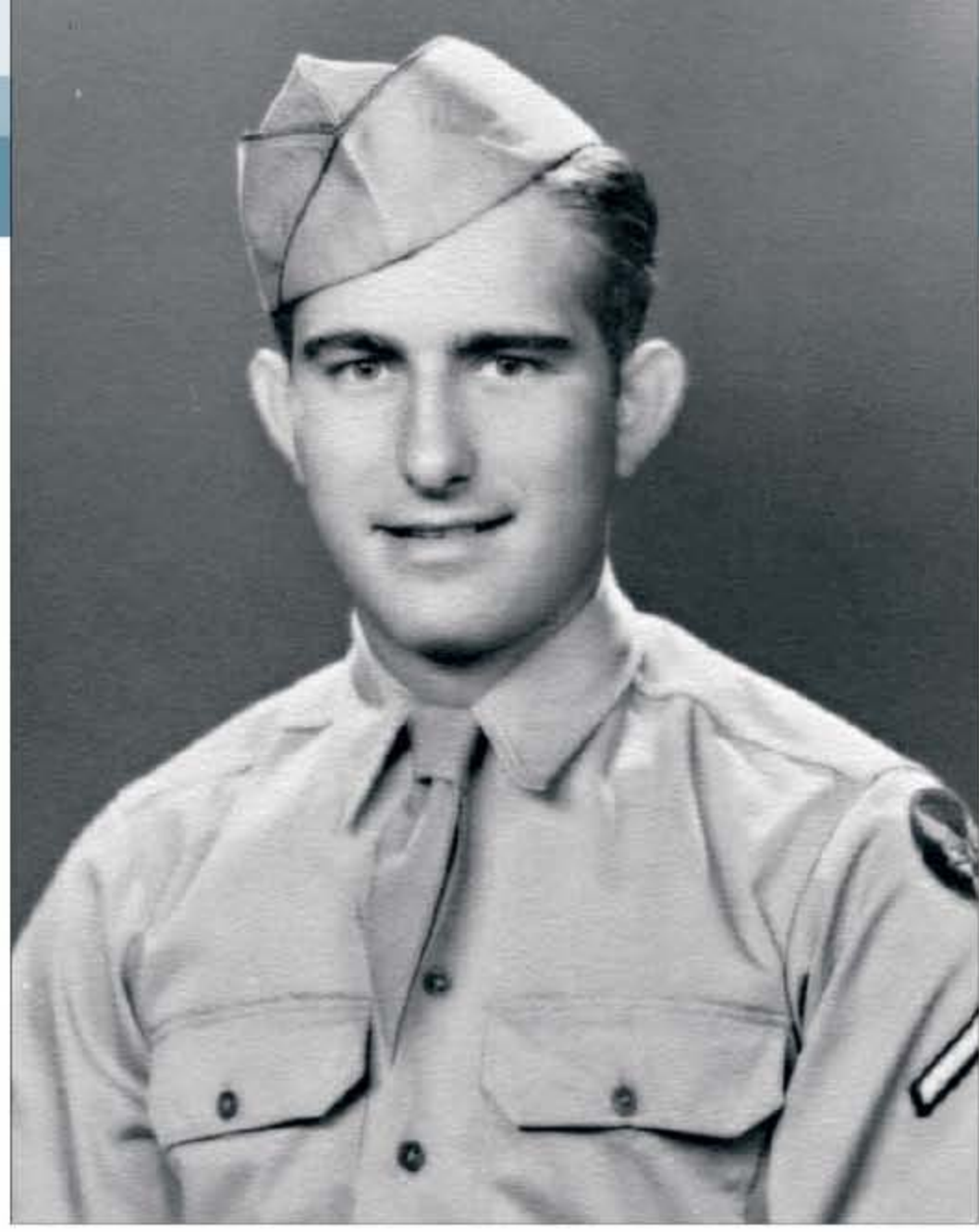
My Private War

A gripping memoir by an American hero exposes the hidden terrors that afflict many veterans as long as they live.

By Norman Bussel



It's become clichéd, thanks to the unpopularity of the war in Iraq, for many people to imagine that our last "good war," the fight against the Nazis and Japanese aggressors, was brilliantly executed by the heroes of America's "greatest generation" who returned to a grateful nation, showered with confetti in ticker-tape parades, and ready to lead the country into an era of peace and prosperity. No one who reads Norman Bussel's My Private War: Liberated Body, Captive Mind. A World War II POW's Journey *(Pegasus Books) will ever again harbor such naive fantasies.*

Bussel was a 19-year-old radio operator when his B-17 was shot down over Berlin. Four of his crewmates died instantly and, after parachuting to the ground, he only narrowly escaped being lynched by a mob of furious civilians (if the Germans had learned he was Jewish, he almost certainly would have been killed). For the next year, he was a prisoner of war, living a hellish existence in which brutality and starvation were constant companions.

But the real, unexpected horror begins after Bussel is liberated and back in the United States. He goes to work, gets married, and has two great kids. But no matter how good things seem, what he calls the "vulture of depression" is always waiting to pounce.

We now know about post-traumatic stress disorder. But for the greatest generation, if you weren't a pathetic shell-shocked basket case, if you were outwardly healthy and had a happy family and held down a good job, you kept your nightmares secret—sometimes even from yourself. The only medicine you allowed yourself to take came from a bottle.

It wasn't until the Vietnam War era that Bussel begins to understand that his phobias and occasional brutality—and the wreckage of much of his family life—are a consequence of his long-ago wartime experiences. He volunteers with the Veterans Administration to help other vets navigate the system and he learns that former POWs, even more so than other combat veterans, are scarred with "traumatic, incurable, emotional wounds ... that will never cease to give pain ... until we go to our graves."

As our "Warrior Wire" column in October's issue showed, even today, with our heroic troops in Iraq and Afghanistan, the issue of post-traumatic stress is controversial and misunderstood. As this excerpt from his gripping book demonstrates, Bussel's heartbreaking personal story is not just an eloquent historical memoir; it's vital reading for everyone who cares about our fighting men and women and the future of America's defenses.— Peter Bloch

Of all the combat veterans, POWs are likely to be the most silent about our experiences, because those experiences accurately reflect who we are today. And we don't want to share with you who we are today. Who we are today makes us uncomfortable. POWs are different from the rest of society in ways that are so far removed from the norm that we are embarrassed to talk about them with anyone except other POWs.

The phobias that resulted from our confinement are too deeply personal to discuss with friends, family, or, often, even professionals. It could take months for a psychologist, even one specializing in anxiety disorders, to draw out a POW. Some years ago, a psychologist rolled his chair near to mine and raised his voice to drive home a point. I quietly told him, "Back off. You're too close. You make me feel boxed in. And never, ever raise your voice to a POW. If you do, you're looking for trouble." He recently recalled my words of advice and thanked me for "teaching me something important about POWs," which was that POWs lead lives of controlled rage.

This is a rage that we have disciplined ourselves to suppress, but smolders still in constant risk of exploding—a rage that began with our capture. We raged at our condition. We raged at our enemy for his inhumanity. We raged that we were so helpless, so hopeless; that we were starving; that we were cold; that our wounds and illnesses went untreated; that we were constantly scratching at sores and lice. And sometimes we even raged at God for allowing us to be captured in the first place.

One of the most unrelenting problems that POWs face is depression. No matter how great a day we're having, this vulture is always waiting in the shadows, ready to pounce at the first sign that our tranquility is beginning to falter.

It is frustrating to become depressed and be unable to pinpoint what triggered your depression. But this kind of despair is often more manageable, because it is general. Because you can't focus

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) IMAGE SOURCE/CORBIS

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"POWs have learned to control the mental powder keg that once was so easily ignited. *Control* is a key word in the POW vocabulary. Most of our phobias stem from loss of control."

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on one incident that may have caused your mood swing, you may respond to the question "Why are you so down?" with "I don't really know. I just feel shitty today." You can think of no single source to blame. Since you can't zero in on one culprit, you accept the fact that you "just feel shitty today" and try to pull yourself out of your despond.

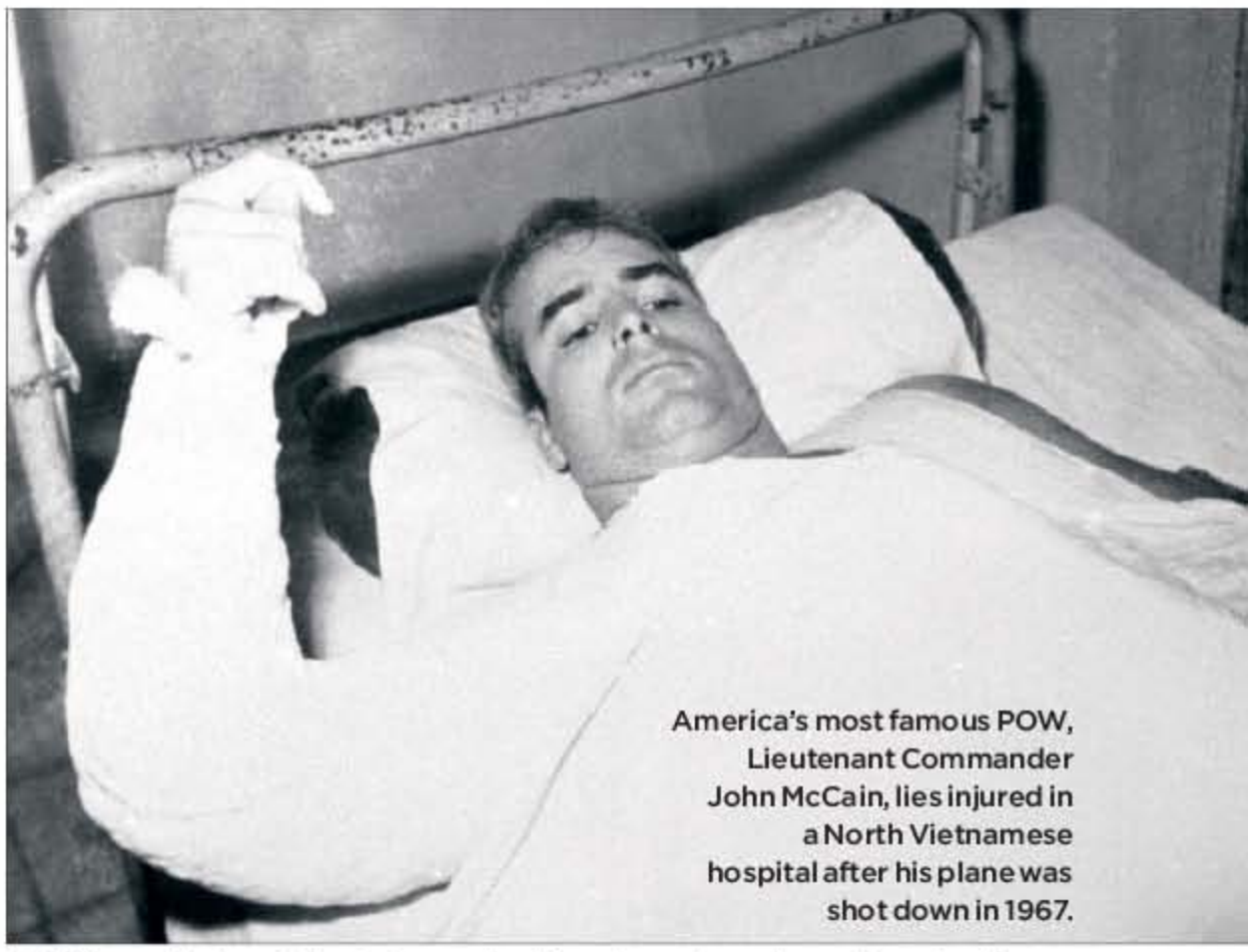
But if you believe your mood swing was touched off by an act or statement of someone else ... you may direct all of your resentment toward that person and magnify the smallest blunder into a large and intolerable affront. This is more difficult to shake off, and the resulting gloom can be long-lasting, causing the depressed party to act up unpredictably. Once, my son David, then a sassy teenager, mouthed off at his uncle. Instead of taking him aside and correcting him, I berated him in front of the family, much more severely than he deserved. I immediately despised myself for my overreaction and fell into a state of depression. After our guests left, I was filled with self loathing because I couldn't bring myself to apologize to my son.

Today, unexpected noises are as instantly unnerving to me as they were more than 60 years ago. Therapists call it "exaggerated startle response." I can go ballistic at exploding firecrackers or automobile backfires, but the world's worst place for an episode of this kind is right in my own kitchen. My wife can put together a gourmet meal faster than anyone I know, but there is a price to be paid for her quickness: She is prone to drop flatware on the floor. Years ago, before I had mastered the art of quickly pulling the drawstrings of my self-control, I would scream, "What the hell!?" She would be offended, and I would be ashamed by my outburst. Now I simply clench my fists, draw in deep breaths, and wait until I can calm down.

As a POW, the loud voice of a guard might be an order to assemble quickly for a roll call in the rain or snow, or it could be the forerunner of a blow with a fist or rifle butt. The yelling of guards can never mean anything pleasant. So how do you advise a former POW about something without raising your voice? For example, he forgets to close the refrigerator door. There are many inflections you can give to "Would you please close the fridge," but which are the ones that won't offend him? Is a monotone the best? Should you avoid accenting "please"? Stressing "would" or "close" are certainly not recommended. The above is an extreme example, but it serves to disclose the dilemma.

The possibility of a POW being offended and overreacting to criticism places an unfair burden on those close to him. POWs don't want those they love to feel that they're walking on eggshells whenever they speak. But what a POW may perceive as a reproof appears to be a part of his psyche that even he doesn't understand. For example, if I call upstairs to ask my wife a question and she happens to be having a dispute with her computer, her responding "Yes!" may come across to me with an inflection that I feel shows annoyance on her part, and I can become withdrawn and go into a funk. As control freaks, it would be a blessing if we could rein in that aspect of our lives and become a bit more thick-skinned. But depression can be a very difficult condition to modify, especially in older people, and that's why it's probably the most prevalent illness for which POWs receive treatment. I'm not a psychologist, but that's my own personal take on POW depression.

Over time, POWs have learned to control the mental powder keg that once was so easily ignited. *Control* is a key word in the



America's most famous POW, Lieutenant Commander John McCain, lies injured in a North Vietnamese hospital after his plane was shot down in 1967.

POW vocabulary. Most of our phobias stem from loss of control. In earlier years, provocation could quickly explode into rage; now it's more often held in check, but the fuse is still there and, if ignited, can still spark unpredictable reactions. This is yet another trait that POWs conceal. The fact that most POWs are quiet people is not because of an inner calm, but because they have spent many years trying to exercise control over their inner turmoil.

I don't reveal that even in a place of worship, I must sit on the aisle, just as I must on planes, buses, trains, and booths in restaurants. That a very heavy snowfall can make me feel trapped inside my house, inside my skin, unable to draw a full breath, and when I run out into my yard seeking space, the trees extend their bare branches high over my head like elongated fingers reaching out to encircle and crush me, and even the vast expanse of sky is not broad enough to let me believe that I will not suffocate.

Once, sitting in a traffic jam on a torrid day, our motor began to overheat and I was forced to turn off the air conditioner and roll down the windows. I was trapped. I couldn't breathe. On the other side of the road, I saw a café and I thought about how cool it must be inside and how wonderful it would be to sit there and drink iced tea. Then I saw the sign: Closed on Mondays. It was a Monday. My wife offered to drive, but I refused. As long as I was behind the wheel ... there was still one thing I controlled.

Hoarding supplies is characteristic of POWs. I have trouble closing my pantry doors because cans, jars, and boxes extend over the edges of the shelves. And bottles of water are everywhere. But I never set aside a dessert that I especially like, to be eaten later. There may not be a "later." The memory of seeing a chocolate D-Bar melting in the radio room just before I bailed out of my burning plane left a lasting impression. The same holds true of possessions: If I ever hesitate to wear a new article of clothing because I feel I should save it for a special occasion, I immediately change my mind and start ripping off the tags. There may not be a special occasion. To lose a buddy in combat is to be forever aware of the fragility of the human body.

You would think that survivor guilt would ameliorate in some measure over the years, in my case ... more than 60 years. But that's not true. I will always ponder why my buddies died and I was spared. They were better people than I. This question of who should have survived is never far from my mind. I know it's illogical to look for reason in the event, but my perception has nothing to do with reason. I'm incapable of reason on this subject. In my guilt, I believe that the wrong person was spared. I'll always believe that.

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six mile high club

Tori Black knows exactly which moment in her life she'd like to relive: "I was mountain climbing, and we climbed 6.7 vertical miles in two days. When I reached the peak, it was silent, and I was surrounded by the most incredible view. It was *amazing*."

Photographs by Emma Nixon

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"I haven't traveled much yet, but I want to go *everywhere*. My favorite places so far are Buenos Aires and Mazatlán. The people were friendly and the weather and scenery were exceptional."

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"I like to have fun *while* I travel. I gave my boyfriend oral sex on an airplane—and not in the bathroom! Sneaky, sneaky!"

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"I once spent an hour and a half having the best sex of my life in a Vegas hotel bathroom—in the tub, on the floor, bent over the counter ... you name it."

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"My favorite sexual fantasy involves a sexy cop showing up at my house to arrest me. I love power plays!"

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Tori Black
Pet of the Month
December 2008

Vital stats:
20 years old; 5'9"
34-26-35

Hometown:
Seattle.

Favorite food:
Soy hot wings (I'm vegan).

Favorite TV shows:
Family Guy, CSI, Friends.

Favorite movies:
The second *Harold & Kumar,*
The Dark Knight.

Worst job:
Cleaning out stalls at a horse ranch.

If you won a million dollars, you'd:
Invest and relax.

Do you want to be famous?
Not too famous. I love fans, but I like to live normally.

Were you a wild teenager?
I had my wild streak. I needed to find boundaries for myself.

Would you rather lose your right arm or your ability to have orgasms?
My right arm. My orgasms are phenomenal!

Tori Black

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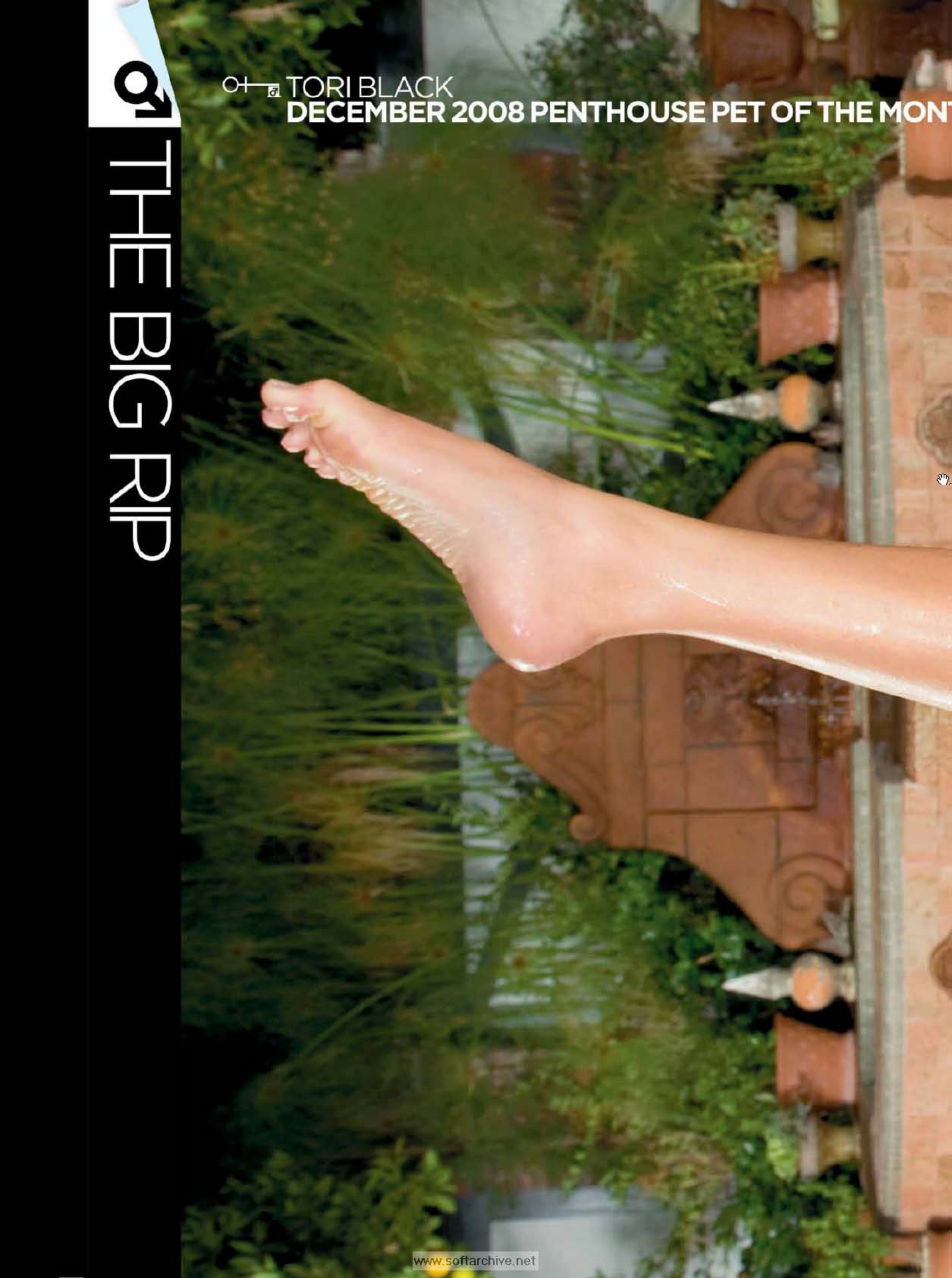
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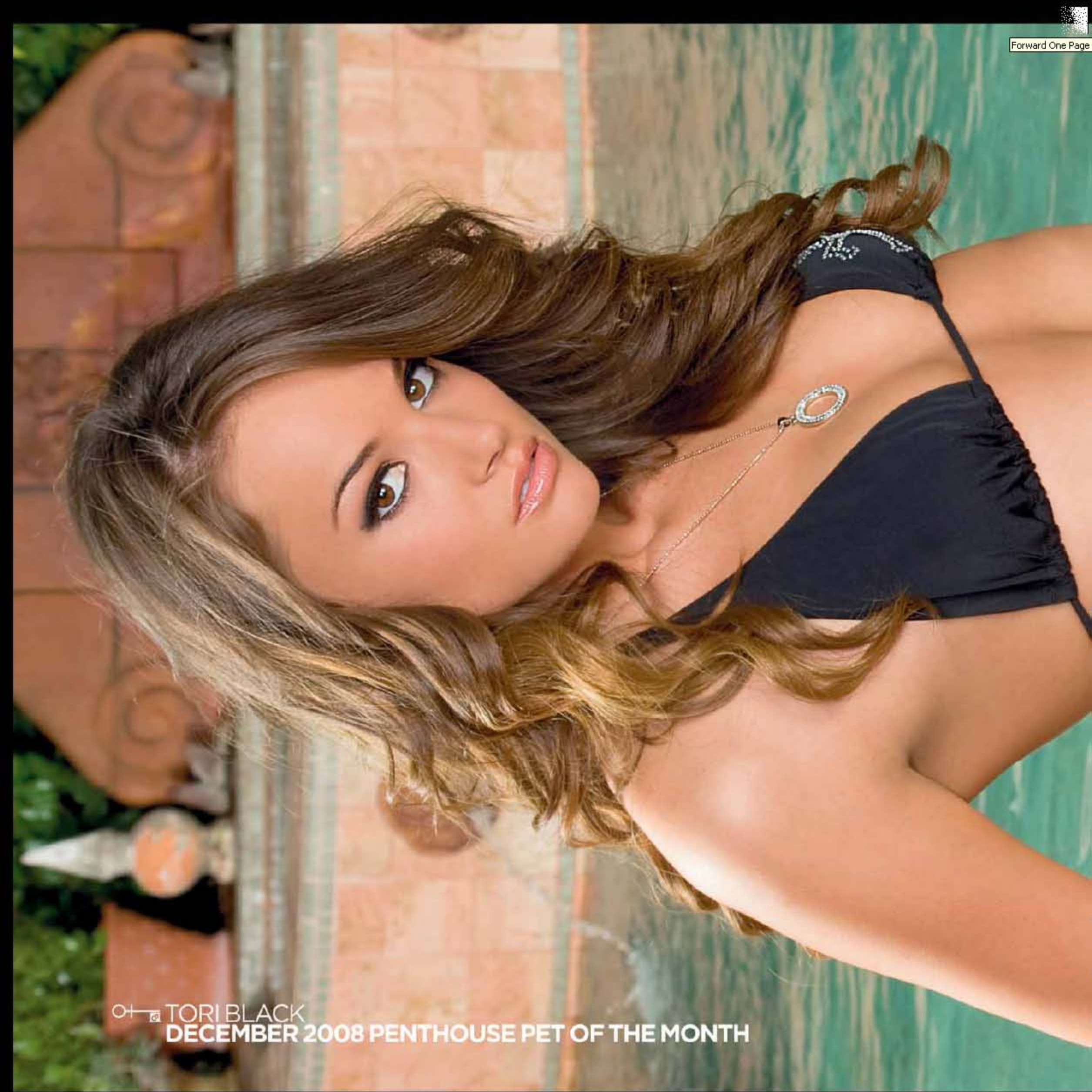

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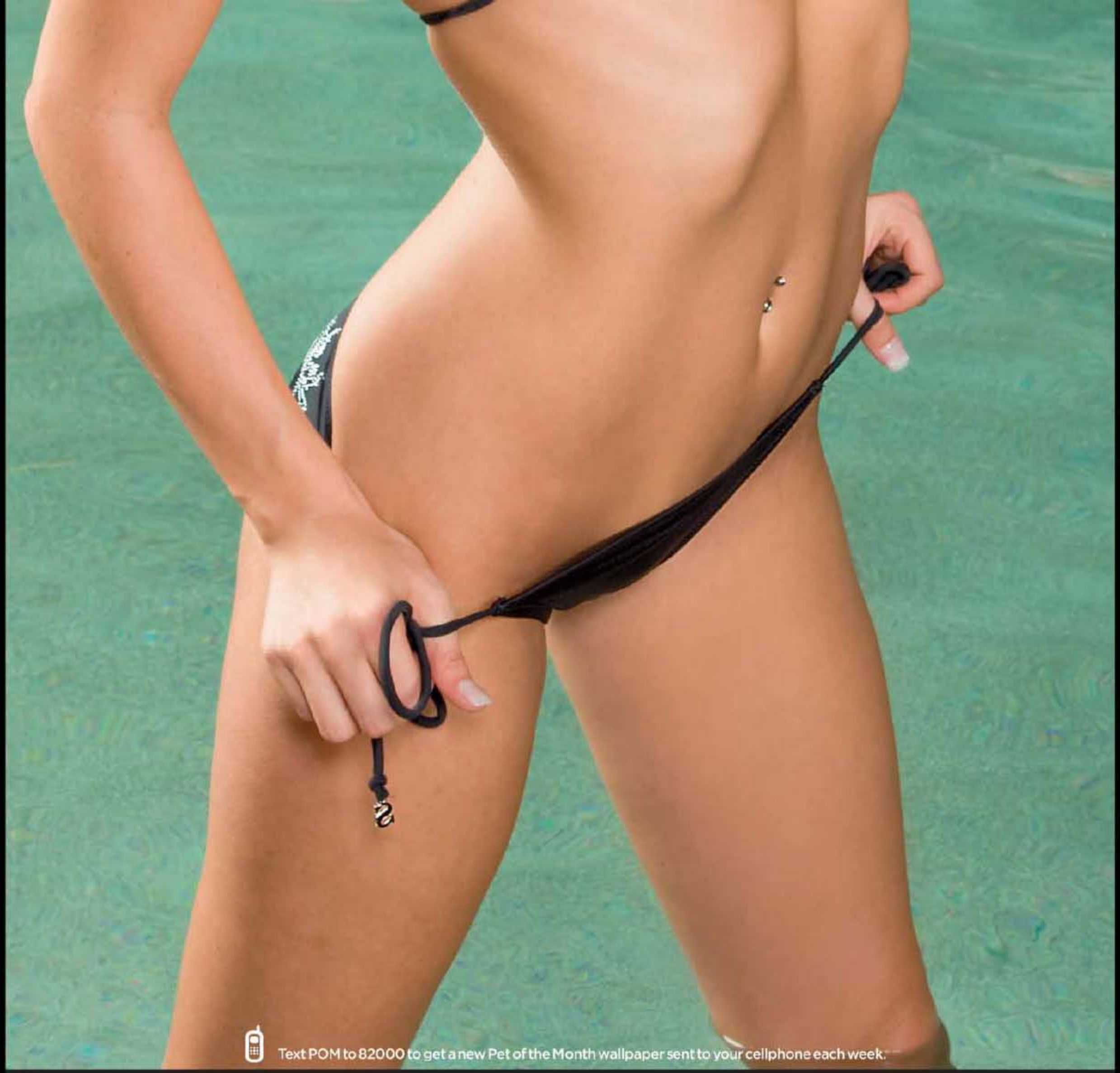

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Eyes Wide Shut

Mike Birbiglia's new one-man show tackles the hair-raising sleepwalking disorder that nearly killed him.

By John Bolster • Photographs by Mark Mann

Imagine waking up from a fevered dream in the middle of the night to find yourself atop the bookcase in your living room, or outside your apartment in your underwear, on a crowded New York City street. Now picture this happening to you on a fairly regular basis. How long before you see a doctor about it?

That's the central question of stand-up comic Mike Birbiglia's wholly absorbing new one-man show, *Sleepwalk With Me,* which opens off-Broadway this month. Birbiglia, who has performed on *Letterman, Conan,* and in two of his own Comedy Central half-hour specials, was eventually diagnosed with REM Behavior Disorder—aka the Wickedest Form of Sleepwalking Ever—and the show deals with his struggle to come to grips with his ailment. It's packed with laughs, but it's not stand-up, exactly. "I wanted to take a chance on doing a show that has a beginning, middle, and end," he says. "A story and an arc—with some kind of take-away." Indeed, *Sleepwalk* pulls off the tricky feat of delving into such weighty issues as denial and avoidance while staying light on its feet the whole way through. As the show approached opening night, Birbiglia sat down with *Penthouse* to talk about theaters versus comedy clubs, his worst onstage nightmare, and bears with opposable thumbs.

Did you sleepwalk when you were a kid?
I had wild dreams, and I had one recurring dream that there was a bear walking in the front door of my house. That's pretty scary—a bear with opposable thumbs. Because if a bear can open a door, then the sky's the limit, you know?

Yeah—now you're in for it.
Right. My only plan was the door. Now I don't have any other ideas.... So I had that dream for years, and I would sleep*talk* as a kid—and occasionally drift out of my bed, but nothing serious.

So when did this come on?
In college. I started experiencing all this anxiety because my girlfriend at the time and I were living together and it was a secret. Our parents didn't know, and they wouldn't have gone for it.

How did you keep it from them?
Whenever they visited, we would close the door to the bedroom and put a tapestry in front of the door, as though the room didn't exist. And it worked.

Of course—the old architectural sleight of hand.
It was like a *Scooby Doo* plot, but it worked. But then I started having anxiety about it—so much so that I was having shortness of breath. And anxiety heightens sleep issues. That's when I started sleepwalking.

You're 30 now, so this went on for a while.
Years. And that's a lot of what this show is about. I'd had this sleep disorder for *years*, and I kinda knew it. But I didn't see a doctor, and it got increasingly more dangerous. I would think, *Maybe I should see a doctor*, and then I'd think, *Maybe I'll eat dinner*. And I just went with dinner—for years.

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5 Great Moments in Sleep-Themed Pop Culture

The best books, movies, and songs about sawing logs.

The Big Sleep

The "sleep" this Bogie-Bacall classic refers to is not a great power nap but, uh, death. Still, this Howard Hawks–directed adaptation of the Raymond Chandler novel makes the list for its groundbreaking depiction of the dark side of 1930s Los Angeles.

"Enter Sandman"

The lead single from Metallica's self-titled debut, with its apocalyptic riff, went gold, boosted the album's sales to more than 15 million, and provides the entrance music for future Hall of Fame closer Mariano Rivera of the New York Yankees.

The Promise of Sleep

Dr. William C. Dement's self-help book is subtitled *A Pioneer in Sleep Medicine Explores the Vital Connection Between Health, Happiness, and a Good Night's Sleep,* and it gave a lifeline to Birbiglia, who does note that the good doctor's name "is not the most calming name for a sleep doctor."

"In Dreams"

Roy Orbison's eerie, elegant single from 1963 features "a candy-colored clown they call the Sandman," and found a second life as the soundtrack to an indelibly creepy scene in David Lynch's classic film *Blue Velvet.*

Sleeper

Woody Allen's 1973 comedy is about a man who is hospitalized for a peptic ulcer but ends up getting cryogenically "put to sleep" for 200 years. When he wakes up in 2173, much hilarity ensues.

How did you decide that this was going to be a one-man show, and not stand-up?
In a theater, there's something that takes place where, once the show starts, people zone in. They're like, *Okay, what's he saying?* And in comedy clubs it's like [looking back over shoulder], "Can I have the chicken quesadilla?"

Yes. Or another drink.
Right, right: "Another round of mojitos!" And it hurts the comedy in some ways. Sometimes it helps, because it's boisterous and people are drunk, and it's like, "Yeah! Whoo!" And you can feed off that; it's mayhem, and it has a carnival feel to it. But in a theater, when you hear every word, and the sound is perfect—there's something that heightens stand-up and gives it a greater life.

Speaking of conventional stand-up, you must have some good stories from the road after all these years.
I had to perform at a charity golf tournament in New Jersey a while back. And they go, "There's two speakers, then you, and then a raffle." I was like, "Hey, I'm excited—I've never opened for a raffle before."

[*Laughs*]
And then the first speaker gets on, and he's an 11-year-old boy who's survived leukemia.

Oh no.
But it got worse: The second speaker was Phil Simms, beloved Super Bowl quarterback for the Giants. And we're in New Jersey. In addition to being very powerful as a speaker—he's a broadcaster—he was very funny! He even had jokes about golf that were similar to jokes that I had thought of about golf that day.

Ah, he's got writers.
Yeah. But I'm backstage, watching the last drops of my joke canteen drip out onto a desert—of cancer. And ... he gets a standing ovation. Then—because, clearly the show is over, surely there can't be anyone following Super Bowl hero Phil Simms—about three-quarters of the audience remains standing, and they leave.

Oh man.
They leave! And there's about 40 people left in a room that seats 500, and they say, "And now the comedian Mike Birbiglia!" But the people who remained were not there for me. They were there for the raffle.

It's a raffle crowd. Nice.
Yes, and they have *no* idea who I am. They're just hoping I stop. But I have to do my requisite 15 or 20 minutes. And I'm just bombing and bombing. Then I think, hey, I had a malignant tumor removed from my bladder when I was 19. And you know, the topic here is *cancer*, so why don't I make a joke about *that*?

Nooo!
So I say, "I went to the doctor a few years ago and they told me there was something in my bladder. And whenever they tell you that, it's never anything good. Like, 'They found something in your bladder, and it's—season tickets to the Yankees!' It's never that." I got total silence. So at that point I just threw in the towel. I thanked

SIDEBAR PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN FRIEDMAN

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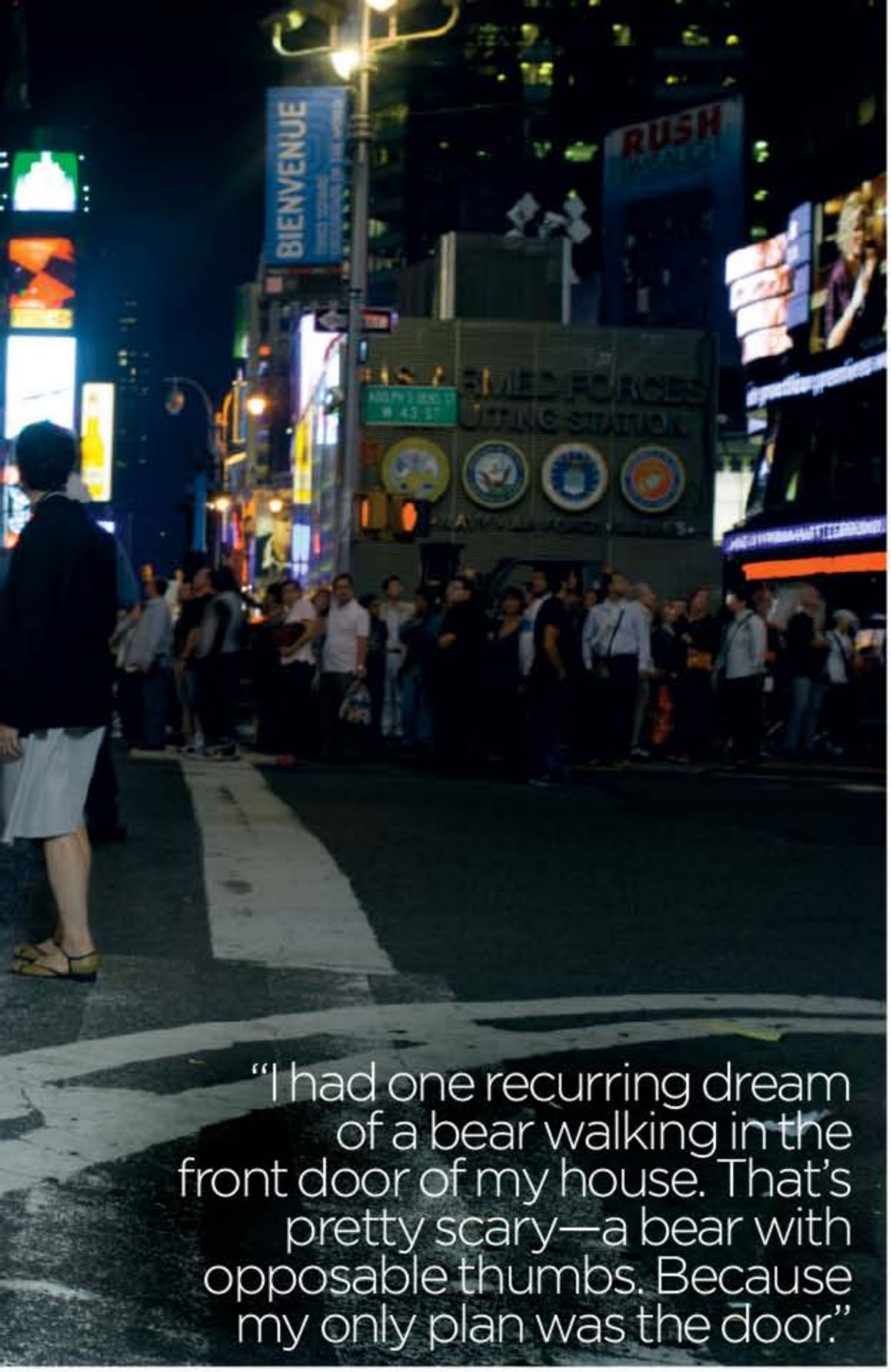

"I had one recurring dream of a bear walking in the front door of my house. That's pretty scary—a bear with opposable thumbs. Because my only plan was the door."

Birbigliography

Mike on awkward moments, "Olive Garden Italians," and playing Scrabble with Jay-Z

"I have a habit of making awkward moments even more awkward. A few years ago I was moving a new bed into my apartment, and this woman who lives in the building opened the door for me with her key. She said, 'I'm not worried, because a rapist wouldn't have a bed, like that.'

"That's how she started the conversation. Now, what I should have said was nothing. What I *did* say was, 'You'd be surprised.' And ... there's nothing you can say after that. You're just like, 'See ya around the building!' "

"My parents are kind of these amorphous, white, Olive Garden Italians—they're not real Italians, they're Olive Garden Italians. They *eat at the Olive Garden.* And my dad shows off by pronouncing menu items authentically. He'll be like, 'I'll have the *pasta faggiole.*' I'm like, 'We're sitting in a strip mall between a Build-A-Bear and a Spencer's Gifts. You'll have the pasta fag-ee-oh-lee like everybody else.' "

"I ain't playing Scrabble with Jay-Z anytime soon: 'Tha word is drizzah. D-r-i-z-z-a-h—triple-word score.' I'd be like, 'I'm gonna challenge that one, Jay. I'm gonna consult my dictionizzah. First of all, that's not a word. Second of all, one of your *Z*'s is a sideways *N*.' "

the audience and apologized, like, "Thank you. Sorry for ruining your event." And I walked off. So that was the worst show.

That's a far cry from an off-Broadway theater filled with an audience there to see you.
Sure. But on the other hand, theater can be an uphill battle in terms of getting people to go, especially seven nights a week, for three months. So one thing we're doing is enlisting these sort of superfans to be what we call "sleeptalkers." They're going to dress up in pajamas and hand out flyers in Times Square and Union Square.

Pajama marketing.
I'm going to do it, too. It sounds funny because there aren't that many actors on or off Broadway who are actually handing out flyers for their own show [*laughs*]. Another thing we'll be doing, every Wednesday after the show opens, is a post-show segment called "An Awkward Ten Minutes With Mike Birbiglia." I'm going to bring onstage a series of secret special guests—people from *Saturday Night Live* and *The Daily Show* and stuff—and interview them about the story that they never tell people.

You've done some previews with the show. How are they going?
They're going well. One of the cool things about the show is that it's sort of indefinable. I've had people say, "It's a play." Then I've had others say, just as definitively, "It's *not* a play." And some people get a huge takeaway from it, about denial and avoidance, and some people just laugh. And both of those are fine.

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Hot Properties

This horny real estate agent has an open-house policy about on-the-job sex.

No one likes real estate agents. We're up there with telemarketers and DMV workers as one of the most vilified groups of working professionals. Here in Manhattan, people see us as a necessary evil. Customers don't want to pay a real estate agent a fee, but everyone wants that dream apartment—you know, the one with the elevator that opens into the living room that exists only in the movies?

Once people wise up and give up on Craigslist, they come to me. In general, guys hate that I earn more than them and don't even have a college degree. But most women are definitely turned on by my Jaguar, my $400 haircut, and the designer suits I rock on a daily basis (hint: they're not from Men's Wearhouse).

Because I'm young and good-looking, I probably earn double the commission of some of the older, fatter agents who occupy desks at the well-known company I work for. Selling or renting high-end apartments is all about indulging the customer's fantasy. And for many of my female customers, I'm a part of that fantasy. The majority of people who use my services are twentysomething women who are moving to New York City from New Jersey, Long Island, even the Midwest. They're coming to the city just out of college and want to be Carrie Bradshaw with a big closet for their designer shoes. So I give them "Mr. Big."

Customers flirt with me on a daily basis. When a woman does it in front of her boyfriend or husband, it can be embarrassing. Most of the time, I'll try to defuse the situation with a joke. Even if the girl is hot, the No. 1 thing on my mind is making the sale. And that's not going to happen if the couple gets into a fight.

This past summer, a couple looked at a place I was selling. The wife was wearing a really low-cut top and I know she caught me staring at her tits a few times. The husband was kind of a jerk, talking on his phone the whole time, so he didn't notice. The next day, I got a call from the wife, asking to see the place again. I just knew she had sex on her mind. When you walk through a place with someone, especially the bedroom, that's just naturally where your mind goes.

We met at the apartment and as we did the walk-through, I took out my digital camera, which I always carry with me to photograph places. I asked if I could take a few shots of her just for fun and told her I would definitely erase them. At first she pretended to be shy, but in no time her top was off and she was licking her nipples for me. We had sex in nearly every room of that apartment. I think we both got off on the idea that someone else with keys to the place could potentially walk in on us. And yes, I did erase the shots (but only after showing them to my buddy at the office!).

I'll never forget the first time I had sex in one of my listings. It was a brownstone that belonged to a nice old lady. She'd given me the keys to the top-floor apartment, hoping I could find her a decent tenant. One night, I brought my girlfriend to see the place, telling the elderly landlord she was a customer. We made a few pleasantries and then went upstairs. We weren't in the apartment two minutes before I'd pulled down my girlfriend's pants, bent her over the kitchen sink, and started fucking her from behind like crazy. I came quickly—I'd been thinking about doing it all week and was terrified the old woman would find us. I tried to muffle my girlfriend's moans, but she was pretty loud. The landlady must have been hard of hearing, though; when we came downstairs, she even asked if we wanted anything to drink! I think she was sad when I told her "Julie" wasn't going to take the place.

> I asked if I could take a few shots of her just for fun. At first she pretended to be shy, but in no time she was licking her nipples for me.

I know that landlords trust me with their homes, but I don't feel bad for a second about having sex in their places. Many of them are nasty, greedy, and prejudiced. I recently had a landlord tell me not to bring him any "fags." I wish I could say this kind of thing was the exception, but it happens all the time. Once, a black landlord actually told me not to rent his place to any black people!

These days, I'm single and it's hard not to get turned on by the hot young women I take around the city. Part of me gets incredibly pissed at them. They see me as a personal tour guide, and don't understand that if they don't rent something, I don't get paid.

Two girls gave me a truly memorable experience. These spoiled brats were looking for a one-bedroom to share. Both were brunettes; one was short with a really curvy figure, and the other was tall with fake tits. It was the summer and they both wore tight jeans, tank tops, and high heels.

They basically complained about everything I showed them until finally they agreed on a place in the Murray Hill neighborhood. As we were about to leave the apartment, they started giggling. By then I was losing my patience. "What?" I practically yelled.

"We were wondering if there was anything we could do to get you to lower your fee," one said suggestively. They giggled some more.

I took a chance and unzipped my pants and held my cock out. Before I had the clarity to be afraid of what I was doing, they were on me like a pair of porn stars, taking turns licking, sucking, and playing with my balls.

That night when I had to finalize their paperwork, one of their dads (who signed as a guarantor) thanked me for taking such good care of the girls. I laughed to myself, wondering how hard he would have kicked my ass if he'd known how well they had just taken care of me!

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jungle fever

Sandy and Cindy have been just roommates for months, but their new safari-themed decor brings out their wild sides. Suddenly the only thing that makes sense is taking their friendship to a new level. Nights hanging out at home will never be the same.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

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Sexual Multi-tasking

The sixty-nine position is kind of like communism: brilliant in theory, but rarely satisfying in practice. Still, its merits keep some people coming back for more, so to speak.

By Em & Lo • Illustrations by Chris Hiers

Theoretically, what could be better than simultaneously providing each other with the kind of stimulation that is almost guaranteed to lead to orgasm? (Sure, we know oral isn't for everyone, but the odds are way higher than with intercourse.) But in reality, well, if sixty-nines led to simultaneous orgasms every single time, don't you think we'd have a harder time getting people to breed? We've assembled the various positions, pros, and cons of this ancient art so that you can make up your own mind.

POSITIONS

• **WOMAN ON TOP** He lies on his back and she gets on top of him, her tush pointed toward his face. She can rest her weight on her elbows or his chest, and he can bend his knees to bring his penis into a better position.

• **MAN ON TOP** The reverse of the above. Less common, because most women prefer to be in charge of the pace. Plus, if he's a lot bigger, she might get smothered (there's so much going on during a sixty-nine, it's easy to forget your partner needs to breathe).

• **SIDE BY SIDE** Both lie on your sides, head to toe, usually with each of your top legs bent and up for easier access. Add pillows under your heads for comfort—or use each other's thighs as pillows, assuming you're both cushy enough. This position is the most popular because it frees up your hands to get in on the action (very important, given the odds of mutual satisfaction) and is easier to adjust if you're not the same height.

• **SIXTY-NINE–INSPIRED** If your genitals simply don't align in a sixty-nine, no matter the position, you could get side by side and head to toe and just stimulate each other manually instead. Or perhaps one of you provides oral while the other goes manual (if one of you is a hands fan, you may prefer this anyway).

• **THE STANDING SIXTY-NINE** One person stands while supporting their upside-down partner, whose arms and legs are wrapped around the stander. Hilarious, but 100 percent ineffective. On this, there is no debate.

PROS

For devotees of the sixty-nine, the No. 1 benefit—mutual oral-genital stimulation—outweighs any drawback in the book. It's an intimate bonding experience no matter the outcome. But that's not the only reason to give this position a whirl. Engaging in such gimmicky sex can take you back to a time when experimenting, no matter how silly, was wholly erotic simply because it was new.

Physically speaking, the genitals are approached in the opposite direction from typical oral sex, which could make for an intriguing new sensation. If either of you is shy about giving or receiving head, then a sixty-nine dims the spotlight. Which is not to say that it's any less intense—in fact, when you're this up close and personal with each other's naughty bits, you'll probably feel pretty darn adventurous (and pleased with yourselves). You couldn't be any more exposed to each other, which is perfect if you're in a full-service kind of mood: perineum, bum, *everything*. And at such close quarters, it's easy to get caught up in each other's sexual excitement. Sure, the timing isn't always perfect, but it still makes for excellent foreplay, especially for women: She can tease and slow down the pace on him, which in turn means

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his stimulation of her will last longer. So she gets the extra foreplay she needs without worrying that he's feeling disengaged, bored, or in a rush to get to the intercourse. And you can always take turns taking breaks if you start to feel overwhelmed by the level of concentration required. Or perhaps one of you works with your mouth while the other works with your hands, and then you switch off. In the sixty-nine position, this kind of back-and-forth is practically seamless. And it's also a great way to learn about each other's oral preferences: Since the penis head and the clitoris head are homologous organs, you can demonstrate exactly how you like to be licked, using each other's genitals as the display model. Genius.

CONS

First of all, mutual oral-genital stimulation does not necessarily mean mutual satisfaction. If you're the type who likes to lie back and drift off to your happy place while you're being orally pleasured, then a sixty-nine will be a total buzzkill—this is especially true for women, who are more likely to need to lose themselves in the moment. Multitasking is incredibly efficient at the office, but since when does efficiency lead to explosive orgasms? Going down on a partner can take a fairly high level of concentration—maintaining a rhythm, watching the teeth, paying attention to your partner's responses—which can make it all but impossible to relax enough to enjoy the attention you're receiving. And if you do start to relax into the receiving, you're liable to get a little lackluster in the giving department. The closer you get to your own climax, the more likely you are to lose track of what you were doing—or even to bite down accidentally in the throes of passion! That's why some people prefer the spotlight effect of first-me-then-you oral sex. Plus, in a sixty-nine, where's the view? For many people, watching their partner is the hottest thing about oral. And, instead, you get within millimeters of their asshole—which is not for everyone, especially if the shower is a distant memory or you're just not ready for that sort of introduction yet.

> You couldn't be any more exposed to each other. At such close quarters, it's easy to get caught up in each other's sexual excitement.

Also, the much ballyhooed "approach from the opposite direction" can actually be disappointing, especially for him: His sensitive frenulum will most likely be against the roof of her mouth, making it harder to access with her tongue. And if there's a massive height differential, you might miss each other's genitals altogether! (Or else end up with a serious neck cramp.) With odds like this, it's a wonder anyone ever gets off in a sixty-nine. As for simultaneous orgasms in the position? They're at the end of the rainbow, along with all the unicorns and pots of gold.

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Short Cut

A hot tale from *Letters to* Penthouse *XXIX: Take a Walk on the Wild Side*, published by Grand Central Publishing

From the moment I saw Lauren, with her long, gleaming black hair hanging all the way down her back, I wanted her. I have a serious thing for girls with gorgeous hair, and Lauren seemed to have a knack for showing hers off. She tossed her head when she laughed, letting the light glint off her shining tresses as she leaned backward, her hair forming a beautiful cascade that had me completely mesmerized. My throbbing cock gave me the courage to talk to her, and she was interested in me from the start. We spent the whole night flirting and, occasionally, making out before she allowed me to take her home.

When we got back to her place, things got even better. She pulled me into her living room and had me sit on her plush couch. While I watched, she took off her clothes and shoes in a graceful dance, not so much stripping as elegantly undressing until all that covered her was her hair.

Next, she gave me my own personal lap dance, rubbing her breasts against my face. Then she turned around so her back was facing me, shaking her ass and her hair in my face. The ends of her long tresses were brushing against my cock, making me even harder.

At her urging, I took off my clothes. I reached for her and settled her in my lap, pressing my erection against the opening between her legs so she could feel the effect that her dance had on me. Lauren stood and turned around before settling again on my lap, facing away from me. Her hair brushed against my body every time she moved. This time, I plunged my cock inside her.

Lauren sank down onto me, enveloping my dick with her slick pussy as her hair caressed my cheek. Leaning backward, she nuzzled her face into mine, her locks practically covering me and making my cock jump inside her. I could arch up against her, but she was pressing down against me so urgently that I had little room to move. I didn't mind, though, because her pussy felt so good and she kept getting wetter as we wiggled against each other.

> As I watched each layer of hair fall to the floor, my dick got harder. With every snip of the blades, my cock jolted.

Soon I couldn't stand being trapped. I lifted her up and turned us both around so she was bent over the couch. Now I was right behind her, free to slam my cock as far into her as I could. She clearly enjoyed being fucked hard, because she thrust back against me and moaned each time my cockhead pressed against her deepest point. We worked up to the perfect rhythm. I buried my face in her hair, its softness making my cock stiffen even more.

I wrapped my arm around her waist, my fingers reaching down to find her clit as we continued to gyrate against each other. When I touched her hard nub, though, she went absolutely wild, bucking up against me and moving all around. I gripped

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her more tightly and slammed my cock into her with even more force, knowing we were both about to come. I pinched her clit with quick, sharp tugs while inhaling the sweet perfume of her shampoo, all my senses utterly overwhelmed. Then she let out a loud shriek and spasmed beneath me, her pussy clenching my cock so tightly that I thought I might scream, too. Instead, I let out the biggest load of come I had ever unleashed.

After we'd fucked ourselves into total exhaustion, we lay against each other on the couch. Her hair spread out over my body, and I couldn't resist stroking it. As my eyes closed and my fingers combed her locks, another fantasy formed in my mind. I wasn't sure how she'd feel about it, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to ask. "Hey, Lauren, would you let me cut your hair? I won't cut it all off, just some of it. I promise, you'll look fabulous. I've done it before."

Amazingly, she agreed, and brought me into her bathroom. I had her sit on the edge of the bathtub while I got ready. I'd done this before, but only for friends, and never in such a highly sexually charged situation. She sat very still, and I went slowly, only cutting an inch at a time. As I watched each layer of hair fall to the floor, my dick got harder. Holding the scissors while she allowed me to give her a new look made me feel sexy and powerful. With every snip of the blades, my cock jolted. Lauren seemed to be squirming, and I peeked around in front to see her hand between her legs, her fingers pressing urgently inside her pussy. I decided to leave her hair for the moment—suddenly, I couldn't wait to fuck her.

I pulled her into the bedroom, toying with her slightly shorter but still totally beautiful locks. She looked up at me adoringly, and I brought her hand down to my dick, letting her feel just how turned on I was from our trimming session. She immediately wrapped her hand around my cock, sliding it up and down my length. I returned the favor, plunging two fingers into her dripping pussy. I could barely believe how wet I was making her. The more excited she got, the more urgently she jerked me off. It felt like we were as intimately connected as when we'd been fucking. I easily pushed another finger inside her and she gasped, squeezing me even more tightly. I pressed my hips closer to hers so our fingers brushed against each other as we brought our bodies closer and closer to orgasm. I could feel her trembling moments before she erupted. My fingers were extra slippery with her juice, and I had to push harder into her so they didn't slide out. She grasped my cock tightly, continuing her rapid stroking. "Yes," I cried. The sound of my voice echoed throughout the room as I shot a load of hot come into the air.

Afterward, it was time to return to where we'd left off. I gave her a more even haircut, one befitting the sexy goddess that she was. When I was done cutting her hair, she was still just as hot, but looked very different. Somehow, even though I'd indulged in her long, luxurious hair earlier, the short look worked equally well for her. I was still delighted to run my hands through its rich warmth. As I stroked her bob, running my fingers over her silky hair, I wanted to fuck her again.

I grabbed the hair at the nape of her neck and tugged it gently, thrilled to hear her moan in response. I tugged again, making her head fall backward, then leaned forward and nuzzled the taut, thin skin on the side of her neck before nipping at it with my teeth. Then, with my free hand, I reached down between her legs. Sure enough, she was as wet as could be, practically gushing.

When I slid two fingers inside her, I felt her convulse rapidly around me just as she'd done earlier. I continued my triple attack, my hand fisted in her hair, my teeth and tongue devouring her neck, and my fingers frantically plunging inside her. Her knees looked as if they might give way at any moment, and I quickly ushered her back to the bed, where I spread her out and continued to pleasurably torment her. My cock was now bobbing frantically, and I removed my fingers from her cunt, wiping her pungent juices along her breasts. I settled myself on top of her, pressing my weight down on her as my cock slid smoothly inside her tight wetness. This time, when she shook her head back and forth, her hair splayed out only slightly, but it still aroused me and made me drive deeper inside her. This was definitely our hottest time, and we both got lost in the sensations, our eyes closed and bodies rocking fervently against each other. I felt and heard my balls slapping against her, and she grabbed my ass, swinging herself up to try to pull me as deep into her pussy as she could.

I bared my teeth and growled, overcome with passion. Then I leaned forward and took a small piece of her hair between my teeth, simply holding it there and sucking on it while I rammed my cock into her again and again. We were pressed so tightly together there was barely any room between us, and we kept up that fast pace for as long as we could. When I absolutely had to come, I buried my face in her neck. She seemed to know exactly what I wanted because she moved her hair so it covered my face. As soon as she did, I spurted inside her, unleashing another load of hot come while she climaxed around me. It was the perfect end to a perfect day. I think I'm going to wait a little while before I see Lauren again to give her hair some time to grow. Then we can do it all over again! *–D.T., Utah*

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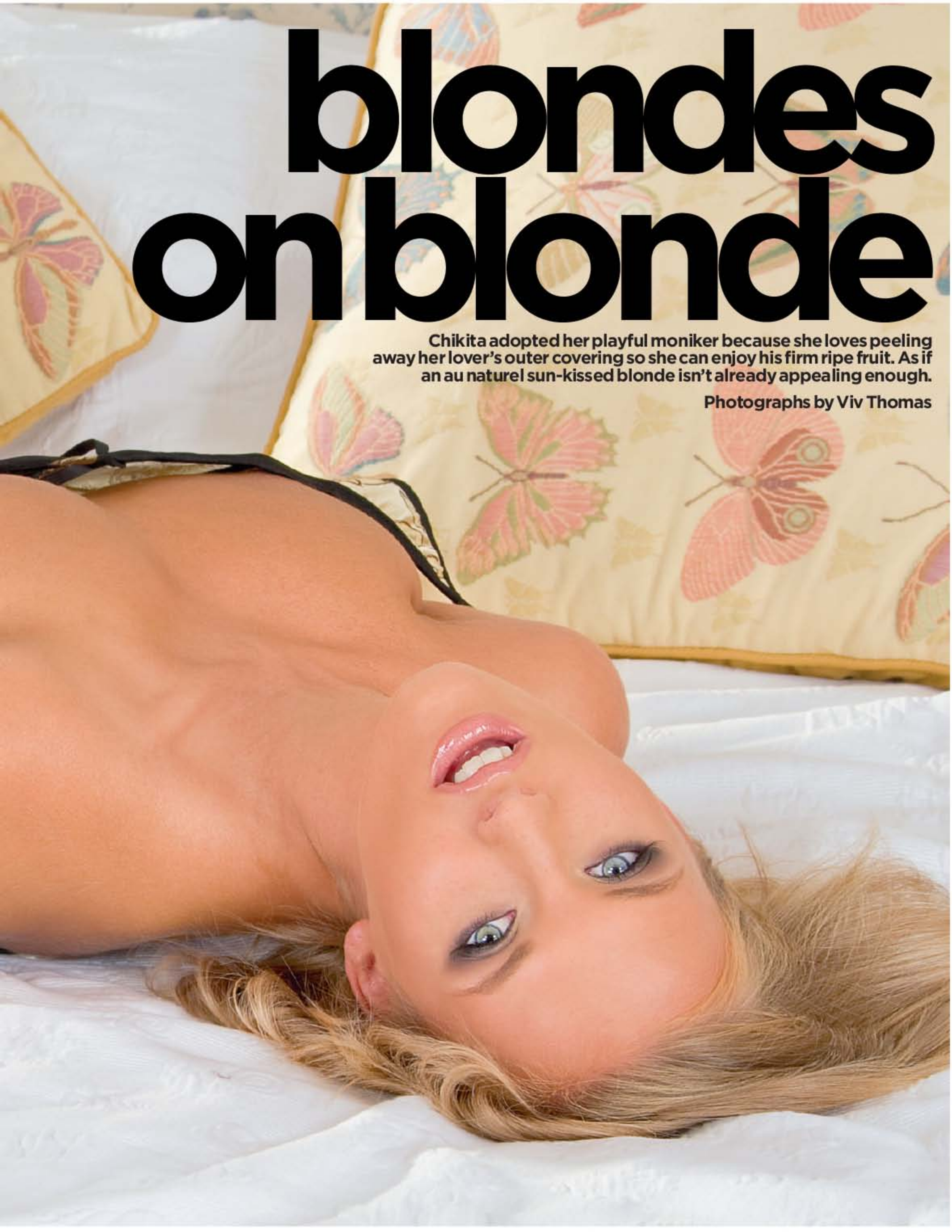

blondes on blonde

Chikita adopted her playful moniker because she loves peeling away her lover's outer covering so she can enjoy his firm ripe fruit. As if an au naturel sun-kissed blonde isn't already appealing enough.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

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"I wanna be a platinum blonde. Just like all the sexy stars. Marilyn and Jean, Jayne, Mae, and Marlene. Yeah, they, they really had fun. In a luminous Day-Glo shade. Walk into a bar and I'll have it made!"
—Blondie, "Platinum Blonde"

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"Don't have to worry 'bout getting a man, if I keep this blonde and I keep these tan."
—Julie Brown,
"'Cause I'm a Blonde"

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"Just because I'm blonde,
don't think I'm dumb.
'Cause this dumb blonde
ain't nobody's fool....
If there's one thing this
blonde has learned,
blondes have more fun."
—Dolly Parton,
"Dumb Blonde"

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Cougar Confess

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Forget all that "Mrs. Robinson" drama! These days, women can rob the cradle and not feel guilty.

By Ilona Paris

Goth Dude

My first young man came in the guise of a six-foot-tall swarthy man in the kink scene. He had thick black hair that he wore in this edgy little haircut. His body was rock solid. This guy was a trip, and I loved it! One night I happened to run into him on the dance floor at Man Ray, a club for kinksters in Boston that featured an S&M night on Fridays.

I was wearing a full-length black latex dress and six-inch patent stilettos while dancing with my girlfriend, Tasha. I saw Goth Dude and I have to say, he was the cutest thing ever. He was wearing a black kilt, matching hat, and black pearls. Somehow we ended up switching dance partners, with me and Goth Dude swirling around in the midst of the smoke on the thumping dance floor. At the end he gave me his gold-embossed business card that stated he was a deejay.

It turned out he lived in Salem, Massachusetts, the land of the witch. I had never been there and thought this would be the perfect time to explore the occult. I had picked out a little black summer dress that I thought would be perfect with a matching thong. Goth Dude greeted me in a black T-shirt, black kilt, and his signature black pearls worn as a necklace. I think he was about 28, and I was, uh, about—well, you get the picture.

We walked around Salem, looked at the sights, and went into a goth clothing store. This gave me the opportunity to take off my dress and try on a little red stretch number. Of course I needed his assistance in the dressing room—wouldn't you?

He came into the little velvet room, and it felt like an encounter with a wild animal. I braced myself against the red velvet wall, slipped my leg around his waist, and reached under his kilt. I am happy to say that he was going commando. He pressed himself against me and pushed my thong aside. He glided his cock silently into my cunt while my head jerked back in sweet delight. He continued to pump himself dry as his tongue slithered between my lips. My hands grasped at the velvet padding behind my back while we strained not to say a thing.

A salesgirl asked if I needed any help. I tried to calmly state I was doing fine. Finally he looked into my eyes and walked out of the dressing room as quietly as he had come in.

Next he suggested a visit to his apartment. Oh, really? How nice. We were hanging out in his living room. We were both drinking bottled water because it was so hot. We were talking about his DVD collection.

I was sitting in Goth Dude's computer chair when the devious little creature decided to blindfold me. Then he took neckties and tied my wrists to the chair. Now this was getting very interesting. He started to kiss me and his tongue went to all the right places—behind my ear, down the side of my neck, and around the tip of my nipple.

It had to have been 100 degrees that day when he took the cold bottle he was drinking from and slowly started to rub it down my neck. I was usually dominant, so to have someone do this to me was divine. Powerful people don't always want to be in control.

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He took a sip of the cold water and kissed me, letting it run down my neck in a slow dribble falling between my breasts. *Ooh la la.* He slid his hands up my legs and pulled my thong down. Just when I thought this couldn't get any better, I started to hear a little whirring noise. What do we have here? He had a marvelous little finger vibrator. He started to circle it around my clit. He stood above me and kissed me as he was doing this. Just as I was about to scream out, he got down on his knees and put his mouth on my pussy, swirling his tongue around and around. I came with a wonderful gush.

He started to untie me as I melted into the chair. It was so hot he suggested we take a shower. I watched him as he slid off his kilt, black boots, and T-shirt. I sat in utter amazement at this hairy boy with a chest that just erupted with thick black hair. And his butt was akin to two perfect vanilla cupcakes.

We stepped into the shower as the cool water hit our skin. He said he was hot with all that fur. I was hot from all of him. He wrapped his arms around me and slipped his tongue into my mouth. I had forgotten how sensuous it is to be in a shower with someone totally without inhibitions. My nipples tingled against his. I teased his balls with my fingernails. His cock stood at attention. *Hello.* I took my hand and swirled it around his shaft. I got down on my knees and put him in my mouth. I teased the rim of his penis with my tongue and slipped it through the tip. Men like this a lot. Just at the moment when his skin was as tight as possible I deep-throated that lovely cock with utter abandon. He held on to the sides of the shower and started to groan deeply. When he couldn't get any tighter, I felt him shudder as he spurted deep within my mouth.

Later, I drove down the highway contemplating my first cougar encounter. I felt fantastic. This definitely was good stuff. I simply purred all the way home.

Giving Young Men a Sniff

"Why is it acceptable for an older man to go out with a younger woman, but not for an older woman to go out with a younger man? The glorification of marriage and motherhood has been the banner flying across our city streets since the fifties. I say, 'Ahh, bullshit.'

"Women today are stunning, with great careers and education. We are well-traveled and in great shape. We have all sorts of great things at our fingertips—Botox, plastic surgery, yoga, and health spas to help us buff our cougar bodies to a beautiful sheen. We can strut down the sidewalk in our Manolos with pride and confidence, giving young men a sniff at what we possess."—Ilona Paris, from *Hot Cougar Sex: Steamy Encounters With Younger Men*

Mr. Handsome

The girls and I were out one night having drinks. Adina, my best girlfriend, caught the eye of a tall, suave young man wearing a beautiful Ermenegildo Zegna suit. Having known Adina for more than a decade, I knew that she had a soft spot for this type of look, which was sleek, sophisticated, and very James Bond. Adina was a struggling author who had long black hair, olive skin, and pensive dark eyes. She loved carrying giant pocketbooks and wearing skinny jeans with black suede boots. She could wear a garbage bag and look stunning.

I leaned over and whispered to Adina that a gorgeous young man was looking in her direction. Adina's feline head turned as her black hair trailed down her back with a curl. It was akin to watching a cat approach a saucer of milk. He had soft brown eyes and wore his hair casually parted in the middle and a little long behind his ears—he reminded me of Javier Bardem, who made me want to keel over he was so hot. If she didn't want this guy I would grab him in a heartbeat.

Mr. Handsome and Adina had their heads bent toward each other and were laughing. He bought her another Cosmopolitan. I thought, *That's it, we've lost her.* I must say they made a formidable couple. The two of them resembled exotic birds of paradise. At the end of the evening I asked Adina, "How'd ya do?"

"He gave me his number," she said with a smirk.

Two days later, they stepped off the plane into the hot sun. Adina felt beads of sweat pop out between her breasts. A champagne-colored limousine awaited them. Mr. Handsome instructed the driver to take them to a department store.

"What size dress and shoe are you?" he asked Adina.

He got on his cellphone and dialed the store. "Hello, Diane. I am here with a friend. She is a size eight dress and shoe. She will need everything for a fabulous weekend here. We'll see you in a few minutes."

"Do you do this all the time?" she asked.

"Actually, no. Diane is my own personal shopper, but she can do anything." He smiled.

They arrived at the department store, where a tall, perfectly coiffed blonde woman dressed in Chanel greeted them. Clearly, this was Diane. Mr. Handsome sat back as Diane brought in a rack of stunning pieces of clothing. Adina clapped her hands in delight.

"Would you like me to stay and assist you?" Diane asked.

"I think we will be just fine," Mr. Handsome replied. "I'll call you if we need anything."

Adina raised her eyebrows and thought, *Okey-dokey.* This man knew when to step in with style and panache. She found these components hot and sexy in a man. She found they went straight to her clit.

She flipped open a box of bright yellow stiletto sandals. She inhaled the smell of leather deeply as she slipped them over her chili-pepper-manicured toes. She grabbed a sheer little yellow number and ran into the dressing room to slip it on. She took off her panties, since they were dripping anyway, and threw them in the trash. She fluffed her hair and walked out to show Mr. Handsome. Adina later told me she had gone back to being petrified about how this young stud would view her body. Would he be disappointed when he saw her naked?

"Come here," he said to her.

Slowly she walked over to him as the silkiness of the fabric brushed against her thighs. Their eyes never left each other. She walked directly to him and stood about an inch away. He reached forward and slipped his hand behind her leg above her knee.

"I like this," he said, looking directly into her eyes. She felt something hit her deep within. He slid his hand further up the backside of her leg. She moved in closer so his knee was between hers. His hand moved to the soft inside of her thigh. Her mouth

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She felt his finger slip into her pussy and twist so discreetly that no one knew what he was doing. If they did, Sam could have given a hoot by that time.

opened slightly as she wet her lower lip with her tongue.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," he said.

"I don't want you to stop," she whispered.

Feeling the velvetiness of her thigh, he continued to run his hand up her leg. He felt her ass and then slowly ran his fingers from the back to the front of her cunt. He pulled his hand out and looked at the wetness all over it. He brought it to his face and smelled it. He took his middle finger and sucked it with his mouth. He then returned his finger to her cunt and submerged it between her thighs, plunging into her. She put her hand against the wall to brace herself. He then put two fingers inside her. Slowly he brought them in and out of her pussy lips. He put them in deep and rotated them back and forth. Adina held on as a breath escaped her.

Rapidly, he shoved his fingers up and down inside her. She held on for dear life as she felt the heat start to build. She gritted her teeth, trying not to scream her brains out. She came and gushed all over his hand and down his arm. She squeezed her legs as the spasms ceased. Her panting slowed down as she continued to steady herself against the wall. Her breathing was still heavy as she looked at him and smiled. He grabbed her and pulled her to his lap. He kissed her passionately as she wrapped her arms around his neck. They stayed like that for a few minutes and prepared themselves for the rest of the day.

Piña Colada Man

Sam was the most divine cougar, on top of her game. She was part Hungarian and part French. She had luminous skin with dark-green, pensive eyes. She had been married once, but it lasted only a year. Sam was a television producer in Manhattan for a hot television sitcom. She worked hard and she played hard. She enjoyed being single at this stage in her life; she didn't want anyone tying her down. She called me and said she was planning a Caribbean cruise to tan that lovely body of hers. It was meant for singles. All I could think of was, *God help those men on that boat.* This woman didn't mess around.

I sat on the edge of her bed as Sam packed her Louis Vuitton luggage with some of the most gorgeous bikinis you could imagine. She was waxed, buffed, and trimmed prior to the trip.

"So did you get a Brazilian?" I asked her.

"Of course, darling."

"Do they really wax your asshole?"

"Yes, they do. I mean, you never know who is going to be back there."

I thought the woman had a point. Waxing is all the rage these days and men seem to love it, particularly the younger ones. I decided to make a note to look into getting one for myself the next time I had a date with a hottie.

She booked one of the finer rooms, with a gorgeous view of the ocean with her own private deck. Go, girl, go. The afternoon Sam arrived, she promptly went to her room, got settled, and then threw off her clothes to put on a little yellow bikini covered by a stunning chiffon number that just grazed her buttocks. She brushed her hair, slipped on her gold metallic shoes, and put on a large pair of black sunglasses. She strode onto the deck of the ship as if she were walking in a runway show at the height of Fashion Week.

Sam selected a blue canvas lounge chair by the pool overlooking the ocean. This would certainly do. She lay back, took off her chiffon sheath, and kicked off her gold sandals. She sighed deeply and closed her eyes. Yes, this is perfect. Now for a little refreshment.

A waiter came by and took her order. "I'll have a piña colada," she stated. She got comfortable and sipped her drink while soaking in the hot sun. She closed her eyes and dozed off.

Sam was nicely groggy when she opened her eyes to the sight of a Greek god rising from the pool's depths. He must have been well over six feet, his skin was bronzed, and his body—oh, God, that body. Every slope of every muscle was flawless in its shape. His pecs were in exact proportion from working out, not too much and not too little. He wore black stretch swim trunks that just skimmed his gorgeous hips. She wanted to run her tongue right above the band just covering his hips. The water trickled down, teasing her mind.

Oh, fuck, I am truly going to wet myself, Sam thought.

His cock formed a faultless bulge in that sweet little bathing suit. Sam dropped her sunglasses down her nose and let her eyes make contact with his as he stepped out of the pool to pick up a towel. He had a slow smile as he looked at her.

She smiled back. "Care to join me?"

"Sure, what are you drinking?"

"Piña colada."

"We'll have two piña coladas," he told the waiter. He brushed back his wet hair. Sam thought about running her hands through it and grabbing it hard. Her bathing suit was getting moist without her even having been in the pool.

They lay back in the warm afternoon sun and had a lovely time just chatting amiably. He was a trader on Wall Street, in his early thirties, and used to a very social career wining and dining his clients. He was frustrated with some of the young girls he had dated. They all wanted to get married and seemed to look at him

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as a meal ticket. As he talked to Sam, he stated it was refreshing to meet a sophisticated woman like herself who knew who she was and had lived so many interesting experiences. Sam stretched her legs like a cat.

After another piña colada, he suggested she roll over and he would put some suntan lotion on her back. "Oh, yes, certainly, that would be good."

She made herself comfortable as she felt him unsnap her bra. This boy doesn't waste any time, she grinned to herself. She felt lotion pour slowly down her back and arched to meet it. He had large, warm hands that moved with strength against her skin. He took his time kneading her muscles to the consistency of butter. He massaged every notch of her spine. He pressed her shoulders and moved down her arms and then her sides. He moved down her buttocks and worked the mounds of her ass.

She thought, *Jesus, between him and the sun I don't care what he does to me at this point.*

She felt him go down the crack of her ass. Just as he hit the ground floor she felt his finger slip under her crotch and into her pussy. He worked his way in, twisting his finger in and out so discreetly that no one knew what he was doing. If they did, Sam could have given a hoot by that time.

Just as she was about to give herself to the Sun God of the Caribbean, she felt his warm lips on her ear.

"Follow me," he said.

She opened her eyes and looked up. He took her hand and led her to a cabana behind the pool. They stepped into the shaded tent, which featured a little sofa with pillows spread all over it. She sat on it and in one fell swoop slid his marvelous bathing suit to the floor. As she did this, his cock slipped into her mouth. Sam had learned a few things from hanging with young men. She dragged one fingernail underneath his cock toward the tip. She had learned that this drives a man crazy. She went to the base and tea bagged his balls (sucking both at one time). She lapped underneath his cock all the way up again as his head tilted back in pleasure. She wanted as much of him as she possibly could get.

He pushed her back against the sofa. Their skin was slick with lotion and slid into place. The sofa was cool against her back as she opened her legs naturally to welcome him in. His cock was just the right size for her, and she pushed her hips against it to show she was going to fuck him as much as he was going to fuck her. It seemed they were in definite agreement about this subject.

Once they had had their way with each other, Sam made him sit on the edge of the sofa and straddled him with her feet on the floor. She placed her hands on his shoulders and looked directly into his eyes. She liked having her feet on the floor because this way she could command how she rode him. She was used to taking control sexually and had no inhibitions about it. She didn't want a man who did, either.

She started slow by going up and down, feeling the fullness of his girth. She sat on him firmly and rode her hips into his. Then she quickened the pace so that she could rub her clit against his hardness and make herself come. She waited for the tingling heat to start. When she felt the first spasms start to erupt, she dug her nails into his flesh and bit her teeth down so she wouldn't make any noise in the canvas cabana. She rocked, she rubbed, deeper, harder, and there it was. The heat radiated up and out of her. Eureka!

Afterward, Sam thought, *God, I love piña coladas.*

From *Hot Cougar Sex: Steamy Encounters With Younger Men,* copyright © 2008 by Ilona Paris, published by Skyhorse Publishing.

Career Girl Wins an Award

Melina was a petite gal from L.A. She was known for clicking down the street in her stiletto heels at an ungodly pace. She wore her dark hair shorn in a pixie-like 'do with a bright swash of MAC red lipstick.

Melina was 41, which some considered the new 30. If you took one look at her, you would have thought so.

Melina met her boyfriend at a pharmacy. She had been looking at cold medicines and was perplexed about what to choose. He happened to be standing in the aisle and offered her some help.

Turns out he was a doctor. He was six foot three, with curly light brown hair and blue eyes. He had on a pair of jeans that showed off a muscular pair of legs. They struck up a conversation and the rest is history. They had now been seeing each other for about a year. Since both worked so hard, they didn't see one another very often—and when they did, they didn't waste time. That was another bonus of being a cougar—being secure enough not to need the constant reassurance that her man is thinking of her. She can go straight to the bed, or table, or wherever she chooses to find her pleasure.

Melina enjoyed being erotically creative and found that a younger man had no problem with that. Frequently older men got stuck in always having sex in the same position or fantasy, which was such a bore. Switching up sex and being open to whatever whimsy struck her fancy was how Melina chose to go about her lovemaking. The doctor loved it. He found that younger women weren't as creative or free. He marveled at Melina's imagination and never knew when she would surprise him.

Recently they had gone on a hike together. They were roaming around in the woods when they came across some very unusual mushrooms. Melina was on her knees looking at them when the doctor came over to look, too. She looked up at him with a gleam in her eyes. She slowly unzipped his shorts and pulled out his cock and said, "Oh, look, a giant mushroom! I think I'll eat it."

With that she began to suck.

"*Mmm*," she said as the doctor started to groan.

She sucked with vivacity. She traced the rim with her tongue and slid it into his little crevice. She went back to sucking. She grabbed underneath his balls and started to massage them. Then she pulled them down a bit as she deep-throated his cock. He grabbed her and placed her back against a tree.

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Am I a cougar if I can't seal the deal?

By Maura Kelly

Sure, Samantha made being a cougar look hot on *Sex and the City,* but I was never all that interested in becoming one myself—maybe because I never imagined I'd be old enough to actually qualify! But, oh, how the years have passed ... and I keep aging, while all the new college grads stay 22. And so it was that I officially entered the realm of the animal kingdom—or at least the kiddie pool—a few months back.

Now, before you excoriate me for being a preemie predator, please recall the famous quote, "Some women are born into cougardom, some achieve it, and others have it, er, thrust upon them ... after they are thrown down onto a bed." I fell firmly into the third category—or at least, I tried to.

One Friday night, at a party, I noticed a young male human so perfect that Calvin Klein might have hand-selected him to do billboard ads for boxer briefs. Better yet, the dude was making eyes at me. And when he "accidentally" brushed up against me, I had enough courage (or enough alcohol in my system) to put down my glass and finger the tiny icon of a tiger on his maroon jacket.

"Le Tigre," I said. "Very eighties. Did you get it at a vintage place?"

"It's eighties?" He seemed surprised. "I got it at Urban Outfitters," he said with a sheepish shrug.

With that, we were launched into a conversation about the usual nonsense: how we knew the hosts, where we lived, what we did for a living. Le Tig was an assistant editor who not only had the looks of an underwear model, but the brains of one, too. Still, I was flattered that he was batting his eyelashes at me, and when he asked for my number, I recited it giddily. Did I give a second thought to the phrase "statutory offense"? Not at all: I assumed he was about five years my junior—and that seemed like a negligible difference.

The next night, he texted me—"What are you doing? I'm at some lame bar in SoHo. Rather be hanging with you. Wanna meet up?" It was sent at 2:30 A.M. That was easy to resist ... mainly because I was asleep when it arrived. When the second one came the following Saturday at 11:15 P.M., controlling myself was a little harder, mainly because I was awake. And though I'd done my research by then, and learned that Le Tig was a full *ten* years younger than I am (thanks, Facebook), my hesitation had nothing to do with the fear of taking advantage of some naïf. What I feared was having completely meaningless sex. Did I really want to be some boy's toy?

Well, no ... but I'm also at my sexual peak, and at the moment, I don't have anyone to share the joy with except for Blue Delilah, my trusty vibrator. Also, it's hard to resist the impulsiveness that texting encourages. So I sent him the address of the party I was heading to. While I waited for him to walk in the door, I braced myself for the fact that he might ignore me all night so he could talk to some of the younger women at the party.

Instead, as soon as he showed up, he asked if I would put his jacket in my bag, and stayed glued shyly to my side the whole night. After a couple of hours, I started to wonder why the hell we were bothering to stay at the party when we weren't talking to anyone else. "Want to blow this Popsicle stand?" I asked. He answered by grabbing me and sticking his tongue down my throat. I took that as a yes.

In the car ride back to my place, I asked myself if I could really go through with this. The little Samantha on my shoulder said, "For crying out loud, would you just have sex like a man for once! No strings attached—just pleasure!"

That argument seemed all the more compelling when we got back to my place. Things moved fast, but when he pulled a condom out of his wallet, I said, "Hold on!"

"What?"

"I don't usually have random sex. I'm not sure I'm up for it."

He relented; we went back to making out—and then, after five minutes, he reached again for his wallet.

I was starting to remind him I wasn't going all the way with him when he cursed and said, "Man! I thought I had a condom in here, but I don't!" I held up the opened one on the windowsill. "Did you really completely forget about this?"

Until that moment I had no idea he was that drunk, but his face—which went from confusion to shock to embarrassment—gave everything away. I laughed so long and hard that his erection had disappeared by the time I stopped.

When I finally finished, he said, "Look, you want to hang out with me again, right?"

"Yes! Of course!" By then, I really did want to have sex with him—although maybe not that very night. Maybe after hanging out a few more times. I wanted to have some kind of sweet, meaningless, brainless relationship with this sweet, adorable, dopey guy. I didn't want it to last forever—but for a month or two, I wouldn't kick him out of bed, as the saying goes. "We should *totally* hang out again," I continued.

"Okay, good. In that case, maybe we shouldn't have sex tonight? Because when people have sex on the first night, they *never* hang out again, you know?" Was he trying to save face, and convince himself that he was the one calling the shots? Or was it just his way of saying he was too tired to even get it up again? I figured it wasn't important. I was perfectly happy to fall asleep in his arms.

When we woke up in the morning, I fought off an instinct to tell him to leave so I could get some writing done—and it was a good thing, because we got into a major snugglefest. Around 2 P.M., though, as I watched him leave, I thought, *Yes, I really could use a stand-in boyfriend for a couple of months. I could get used to this cougar thing.* But maybe he couldn't. Or maybe he was such a young pup that he knew exactly how to play me, from start to finish. Because after he walked off into the breezy spring afternoon, I never heard from him again.

"I need to fuck you—*now.*"

He pulled down her khaki shorts in a second. Her pussy was well-lubricated at this point. He shoved his cock in her immediately. She bent her knees a little and braced herself against the rough bark.

"Ouch!"

"Shut up and take it."

She smiled and loved it. "Then fuck me hard," she ordered.

And fuck he did. His cock was thick and a good six and a half inches. Melina loved him ramming that thing in her cunt. It was so wild to be outside—what if someone came along the path? It made it even sweeter. The doctor pumped like a wild animal and bit her neck as he started to come. She tipped her pelvis forward and took all of his come.

"I never knew mushrooms could be so much fun," she said with a smile.

Things You Never Say to a Cougar

- So, how old are you?
- I wasn't born then.
- That music is from the old days.
- Don't you have an iPod?
- You don't use Botox, do you?
- Do you dye your hair?
- You might want to work out more to tighten things up.
- Cosmopolitans are so old-fashioned.

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precious metals

All that glitters isn't gold, but when it's akin to molten sex poured like a second skin over experimental best friends, who cares? A warm afternoon by the pool is about to reach the boiling point for these hotties.

Photographs by Misha

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Surges of pleasure spread through Jaclyn's body as Lana's tongue glides across her delicate pink nipples. In return, she slips off Lana's metallic suit and rains passionate kisses on the supple skin beneath.

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Lana welcomes the probing exploration of Jaclyn's fingers, her labia dripping with excitement. As she writhes with pleasure at her friend's touch, she caresses Jaclyn's golden skin, barely able to wait her turn.

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Lana has Jaclyn straddle her at just the right angle for mutual satisfaction, thrilled to see her new lover atop her own quivering body. Lana screams in ecstasy as the poolside rendezvous reaches its climax.

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Forward One Page

Still shaking from the best orgasm of her life, Lana pins her companion down and savors her glistening pink folds. Jaclyn cries out for even more. These sexed-up BFFs are sure to keep at it all afternoon.

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If you think that all male enhancement formulas are the same, just ask Curt B. of Scottsdale, Arizona. "My problem started a few years ago. I was no longer able to sustain a hard, firm erection and my libido was just not the same."

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The secret is a proven combination of powerful natural herbs that enhances long, lasting, harder and firmer erections and boosts sexual stamina and energy. "It was incredible," adds Curt. "I never experienced anything like that before!"

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Delighted users

Shawn from New York says "there are so many products on the market. I'm glad I was able to find yours. It works quickly and powerfully. I will be a lifelong customer."

Ron from Seattle adds that "I love your product. There are no side effects."

Peter from LA says "I'm a younger guy who was embarrassed…but now I feel like a man again!"

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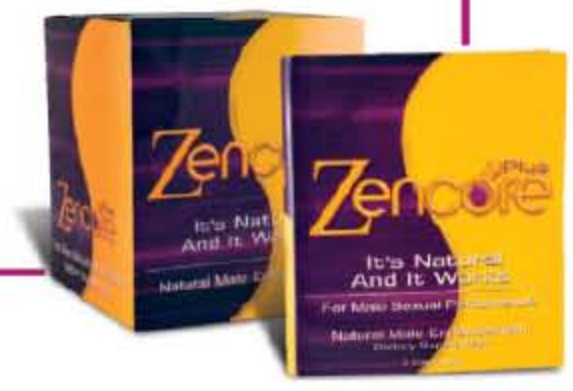

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Don't leave home without them!

Bringing up the subject of condoms, or bringing out the condom, is all about timing. You certainly won't want to bring up your intention to rubberize yourself at the beginning of your date, when you are less than certain that you will be getting any later that night. But you want to be prepared before things get too hot and heavy. Indeed, the best time to introduce the subject is right after you both have gotten warmed up—right after that long French kiss or a hot make-out session. If you wait until you get into the heavy petting or oral-genital foreplay stage, you might be so turned on that you will feel awkward interrupting the moment and will be very prone to throw caution to the wind in a moment of passion. Thus, the rule of thumb is to bring out the condom, or ask for a moment to put it on, when you transition from the vertical to the horizontal—for example, when you move from living room to the bedroom or from the sofa to the bed. You should definitely put on a condom before any genital-to-genital contact is made, because bareback dry humping and poking increases your chances of getting an STD or getting her pregnant, as traces of sneaky semen are usually present in your pre-ejaculate.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS EVELEIGH/GETTY

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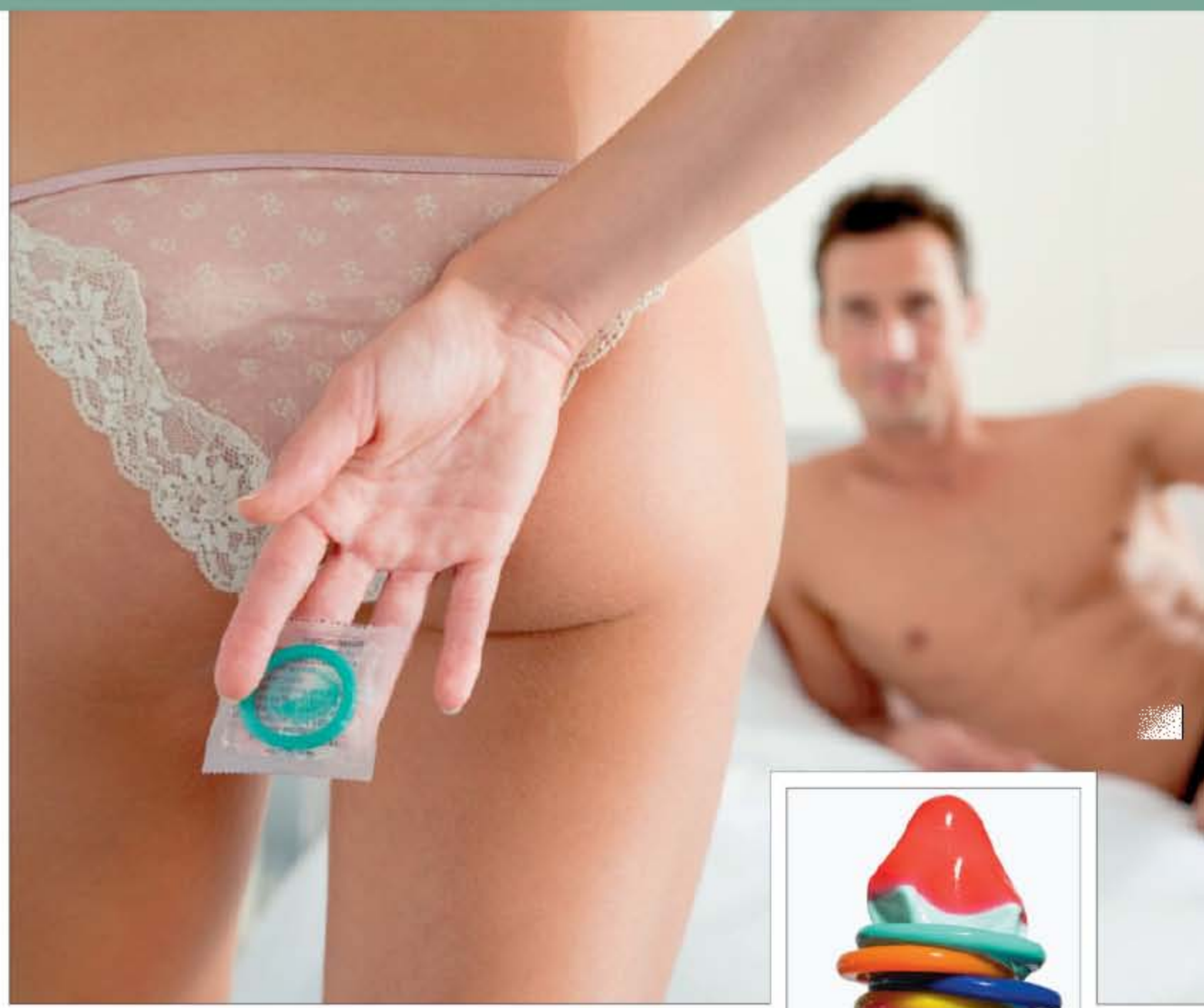
WHEN GOOD INTENTIONS FAIL

When the timing is right and you know what you have to do, why do people fail to use condoms anyway? A recent study has shown that most folks forgo condoms for two reasons: "the internal condom dialogue" and "the interpersonal condom dialogue." The former is basically a battle between your conscientious superego and your fun-loving id; it goes something like this: *This girl is totally safe.... I'll go soft if I try to put it on.... It feels so much better without the rubber.... I can skip it just this one time.... She has to be on birth control, all chicks are these days.... I don't see any blisters on her crotch .... I want her so badly, just this one time won't matter.*

If your superego prevails and you do bring up the idea of protection, the interpersonal condom dialogue often goes like this: "Oh, we don't have to use it.... I'm on the Pill.... Honey, I get tested all the time.... I am totally safe." Of course, unless you know the woman well, these statements may be just as reliable as "The check is in the mail" or "I'll pull out before I come." Remember that even if condoms don't fit in your utopian fantasy of spontaneous, full-flesh contact, open ulcers, expensive HIV medications, and child-support payments are not part of that fantasy either. Give yourself some tough love! This is one time when you really can't afford to let that old id—which, you know, harbors your basic genetic *reproductive* drive—win the battle with your enlightened superego.

BRINGING IT UP

There are many different ways of mentioning the *C* word, or bringing the latex into your loving. If you are a serious fellow, then you can simply use the direct approach, something like, "Let me put on protection before we go on." If you favor a more playful approach, you can say something like, "Let's get that rubber ready," or bring out the condom with a "Should I do it or do you want the honor?" Letting her wrap your willy is a good way to combine condom use with foreplay, as she can use her hands or tongue to keep you hard until your cock is clothed. If you feel awkward talking about condoms, you can simply pull one out of your drawer and put it on—without any commentary whatsoever.



THE RIGHT FIT

There are two main reasons why many men hate using condoms: They provide less sensitivity and their dryness may make intercourse more uncomfortable. However, the key to condom satisfaction is finding the right fit. Experiment with different lengths, widths, and shapes to make sure you find one that floats your boat. A condom that is too tight is more likely to break and may choke the nerve endings in your penis, reducing sensitivity. If it's too short, it may leave too much skin exposed to possible infection. If you want more sensation against the head from the loose material, choose a condom that is wider at the tip and tapered at the shaft, usually referred to as "oversized tip." If you tend to lose your erection when you put on a condom, try the ones with a tighter fit around the base, as they may help keep you upright.

To make her condom-comfortable and to eliminate dryness, make sure you use plenty of lubrication—and in most cases, your saliva just won't be enough. Most lubricated condoms contain the sperm-killing substance nonoxynol-9, which causes vaginal irritation in some women and has a nasty, bitter taste that can temporarily numb her tongue. Choose nonlubricated condoms, then pick the right lube for both of you. Lubricate not

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP) IMAGE SOURCE/GETTY, (ABOVE LEFT) KEITH BROFSKY/GETTY, (ABOVE RIGHT) ALEX CAO/GETTY, (RIGHT) TOM SCHIERLITZ/GETTY

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only the exterior of the condom but the inside, too—just a drop on the interior will do. You can experiment with various flavors, but try to stick to water-based lubes, as silicone-based ones may break down latex condoms. Once you've dated her for a while, you can get a little kinky by trying textured and ribbed condoms, or ones with bumps, studs, and mini vibes to enhance her pleasure.

WHEN TO STOP

Condoms are often seen as representing a lack of trust in the relationship, rather than as a simple means of protection. But you can't be expected to have complete trust at the outset of a relationship. Tell yourself—and her if she resists using condoms—that there will be a time for bareback riding when your relationship progresses to an exclusive one. Most couples eventually get to a point where they develop a sense of negotiated safety based upon a tacit agreement not to have sex with other partners.

Although trust and exclusivity are paramount in this decision, you're still better off being safe than sorry. I recommend that you suggest mutual STD and HIV testing before deciding to forgo condom use. And be certain that your partner is using reliable birth control—unless you are up for unplanned parenthood. Remember that even the most effective birth control can fail, and unless you want to use the withdrawal method as your backup, condoms will offer you that extra protection against surprises. Continuing to use condoms also will offer you additional protection against possible infidelity in your partner—after all, statistics show that women now cheat almost as much as men.

In short, sheathing your shaft should be the rule, not the exception. It's time to get over the embarrassment, shyness, casual abandon, irresponsible passion, or other petty excuses that men—and women—use to avoid basic protection during sex. Even if she thinks you are uncool for using condoms, remember, it is easier to deal with wounded pride than with AIDS or HIV, another STD, or unwanted offspring.

Ask Dr. Z

Oh, Come On!

I started working out again following my divorce, after a long hiatus. The last two times I was lifting weights, I came in my pants without even being aroused or getting hard. Needless to say, it was rather embarrassing, although I managed to hide the wet spot with a towel. Any way I can make sure it never happens again?

What you are describing is known as spontaneous ejaculation. When you contract pelvic muscles, which can happen when you are lifting a heavy weight, they exert pressure on the prostate and seminal vesicles and can squeeze out some fluid. Spontaneous ejaculation can also happen under stressful conditions (such as exams or presentations) when you tense up; it may be your body's way of getting you to relax by engaging your sympathetic nervous system. It can also be a side effect of some medications, such as antidepressants, and withdrawal from heroin and other opiates. If you are taking any medications, you might want your doctor to review your dosage. The only way to prevent spontaneous ejaculation is to ejaculate more often—so make sure to give your willy a workout before you hit the gym. Or hook up with a pretty personal trainer who is willing to warm you up with a little cock-stretching B.J. before your gym session.

Real Sex vs. Reel Sex

In porn flicks, guys seem to go from one position to another without ever pulling out their cocks. Is there a trick to maneuvering while keeping my penis inside my girlfriend? Whenever I try it, mine pops out or bends the wrong way, and when I pull out I sometimes go soft. Any advice?

Don't believe most of the things you see in porn films! Porn stars seem to perform acrobatic tricks on film, but that is often an illusion created with video editing. Real sex is not so seamless. Most of the time you are better off pulling out, changing positions, then penetrating her again, rather than fumbling to stay inside her while changing positions.

However, to give the seamless switch-up a shot, start in the missionary position, then wrap your hands underneath her and roll over on your back, putting her on top of you. You should now be in the reverse missionary position—a position in which it might be easier for your girlfriend to orgasm.

Now you can put your hands on her waist and move her up and down or help her into the cowgirl position by pushing her shoulders up. From there, you can sit up facing her and continue making love to her in the seated position.

Be careful when performing all of this maneuvering because one vigorously misplaced thrust is all it takes to possibly rupture the *corposa cavernosa*, the erectile chambers that form the length of your penis. That is a serious injury with serious consequences, so when you make your switches, stop thrusting, hold her ass firmly to your body in the fully engaged position, and resume the action only when you have achieved a comfortable stance for the next act.

Speaking for all the ladies out there, a long passionate kiss before and after each switch would be nice, too.

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL ME AT VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, *PENTHOUSE*, 20 BROAD STREET, 14TH FLOOR, NEW YORK NY 10005.

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A NOVEL IDEA
Bad Wives Book Club
Penthouse Letters

A group of horny housewives, led by raven-haired Mikayla, get together to discuss and deconstruct the books they've been reading—or were supposed to be reading, when they weren't out fucking and sucking and licking everything in sight. July 2008 Penthouse Pet Shawna Leneé plays a naughty package carrier who really delivers when she bangs on the door of lush and curvy Sarah Vandella. Leneé's package winds up getting opened when she's seduced on the stairway of Vandella's well-appointed living room. *BWBC* moves from one indiscretion to the next—Mikayla's husband (Alan Stafford) gets himself a little bit of Jennifer Dark, Holly West pulls a pair of studly pool sharks in a roadside honky-tonk, and Kayla Paige gets her furrow plowed by a buff landscaper. *BWBC* is a straight-ahead little fuck flick, with nice attention to (dirty) detail and a snappy, happy ending.

Top: Mikayla and Marcus London
Right: Kayla Paige and Mikayla

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BOND FOR GLORY
Stuff Dreams Are Made Of
Penthouse

Punky, spunky brunette Jezebelle Bond does two scenes in this DVD that's as big on *Fight Club*–ish existential exposition as it is on erotic action. The story follows an average joe obsessed with a beautiful woman (Bond) he saw in a dream. Whether she's one of the many paramours his roommate beds (such as Franchezca Valentina) or a figment of his imagination, he's not sure—until he sees her at his job one day. Alexis Amore and Penthouse Pet Alektra Blue do the dyke thing in a scene where Blue shows off some mouth-watering tongue work and a command of toys that proves she's not just playing around when it comes to pleasing her partner. Katarina Kat is almost unrecognizable in a black wig while working with Katie Morgan, until she exhibits some of the gymnastics-style moves that have become her calling card. This one gets extra points for writer/director Cash Markman's decision to put Bond, a woefully underappreciated starlet who never quite seemed to get her due, into as many foreground and background shots as possible. Jezebelle Bond *is* the stuff dreams are made of, and this disc is a dream come true.

SHE'S A (SEX) MANIAC
FleshDance
Penthouse

This flick, inspired by one of the, uh, classics of eighties cinema, features the hard-bodied-hoofers theme of the original, with the added attraction of dick-stiffening sex thrown in along the way. Franchezca Valentina plays a young steelworker who works as a stripper by night while pursuing her dream of becoming a professional dancer. Evan Stone portrays the well-heeled groupie looking to charm his way into her life. Their show-stopping fuck scene is the best sexual performance here, building from heavy frottage to deep-throat head- and tit-fucking to the hardest of hardcore. Other couplings provide strong support: Penthouse Pet Alexis Love and Tommy Gunn dance their way through an intense banging nicely shot against a setting sun; Steven St. Croix chews the scenery as the scumbag who convinces pixie-ish Veronica Jett to sleep with him to get a plum dancing role (St. Croix gets the best part of that bargain). This is a well-executed piece of pop-porn fluff whose retro storyline could be a good way of convincing your lady friend (or friends) to check it out some night.

Top left: Alexis Amore and Alektra Blue
Top right: Franchezca Valentina and Evan Stone

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LOSER BARES ALL

Every Saturday night, my husband Zach and I play pool with another couple, Jerry and Lena. We've known one another since college and have taken quite a few road trips together. We even went skinny-dipping once, so we have nothing to hide and feel comfortable changing in front of one another. But lately, I'd started to wonder if our relationship had swap potential. A few times I thought Jerry had been checking me out, and I'd definitely caught Zach sneaking glances at Lena.

One weekend, Jerry was away on business so it was just the three of us. Now, I wouldn't have suggested this game if I wasn't confident our friendship could take it, but I thought it was time to take things to the next level. We'd had a few beers and smoked a couple of joints. We were just sitting around and everyone was feeling good, so I told them about a sex game I'd just read about. The idea was to play a double-elimination pool tourney: The loser would have to put on a masturbation show for the other two. As I expected, the idea was met with equal enthusiasm from Zach and Lena. So far, so good.

We started the game, and Zach made quick work of Lena and me, leaving us to battle it out. Much to Zach's delight and my own, I barely squeaked out a win over Lena. I couldn't wait to see what she was going to do.

Lena had me bring her a sheet and a pillow, which she spread out on the living room floor. While Zach and I watched from the couch, Lena stood in front of us and started to undress. Lena's a natural redhead, with small perky breasts and lush curves. There was a small landing strip of red hair on the mound above her pussy.

She started by cupping her breasts, squeezing them, and kneading her prominent nipples. Then one hand moved slowly down to her slit. Spreading her folds, she revealed her juicy core. Using her other hand to massage her clit, she pressed two fingers inside her pussy. Watching Lena's fingers move in and out made me wet. As for Zach, his cock had already pitched an impressive-looking tent in his shorts.

Lena's next move was to turn away from us, giving us a rear view of her finger-fucking herself and her shapely ass. Then, looking over her shoulder at us, she said, "Zach, I want you to picture yourself doing this to me."

"I am, I am," Zach gasped, as he stroked his cock through his shorts. I made Zach take off his shorts and gave him a helping hand. We were watching one another pleasure ourselves when Lena told me to bring Zach closer and make him come on her pussy. With Zach kneeling between Lena's legs, I held his cock and slowly rubbed it over her pussy. The head of his cock was slippery with a combination of pre-come and Lena's juices. When Zach couldn't take anymore, he placed his hand over mine and shot gobs of cream all over Lena's pussy.

Then Lena commented that Zach was the only one who'd gotten off, so Zach said he had the perfect solution: He offered to eat my pussy and suggested I eat Lena's, since he knows I love the taste of his come. I couldn't have been more pleased with the way

> I placed the pillow under my hips and let Zach have at me, while Lena lowered her pussy over my face.

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things were progressing and was out of my clothes in record time.

I placed the pillow under my hips and let Zach have at me, while Lena lowered her pussy over my face. As I lapped up Zach's cream from her snatch, I felt Zach's tongue tunneling into my hole. Then Lena reached down and rubbed my clit at the same time I pressed my fingers to hers. Incredibly, we set each other off and I came all over Zach's face as Lena came on mine.

Zach had been stroking himself while he ate my pussy and he was ready to fuck someone. I knew he was hoping it would be Lena, so I let him off the hook by telling Lena I wouldn't mind if she wanted to fuck Zach. She couldn't wait, and got on her knees so he could do her from behind while she tasted my pussy. With Zach drilling his cock into Lena at break-neck speed, and Lena sucking my clit like there was no tomorrow, I set off a chain reaction and our orgasms came within seconds of one another.

I never thought my little game would lead to a full-fledged three-some that first night, but it did. All that's left now is to have Jerry join us for an all-out swap-fest!—*Z. & C.W., Minnesota*

DRIVING WHILE HORNY

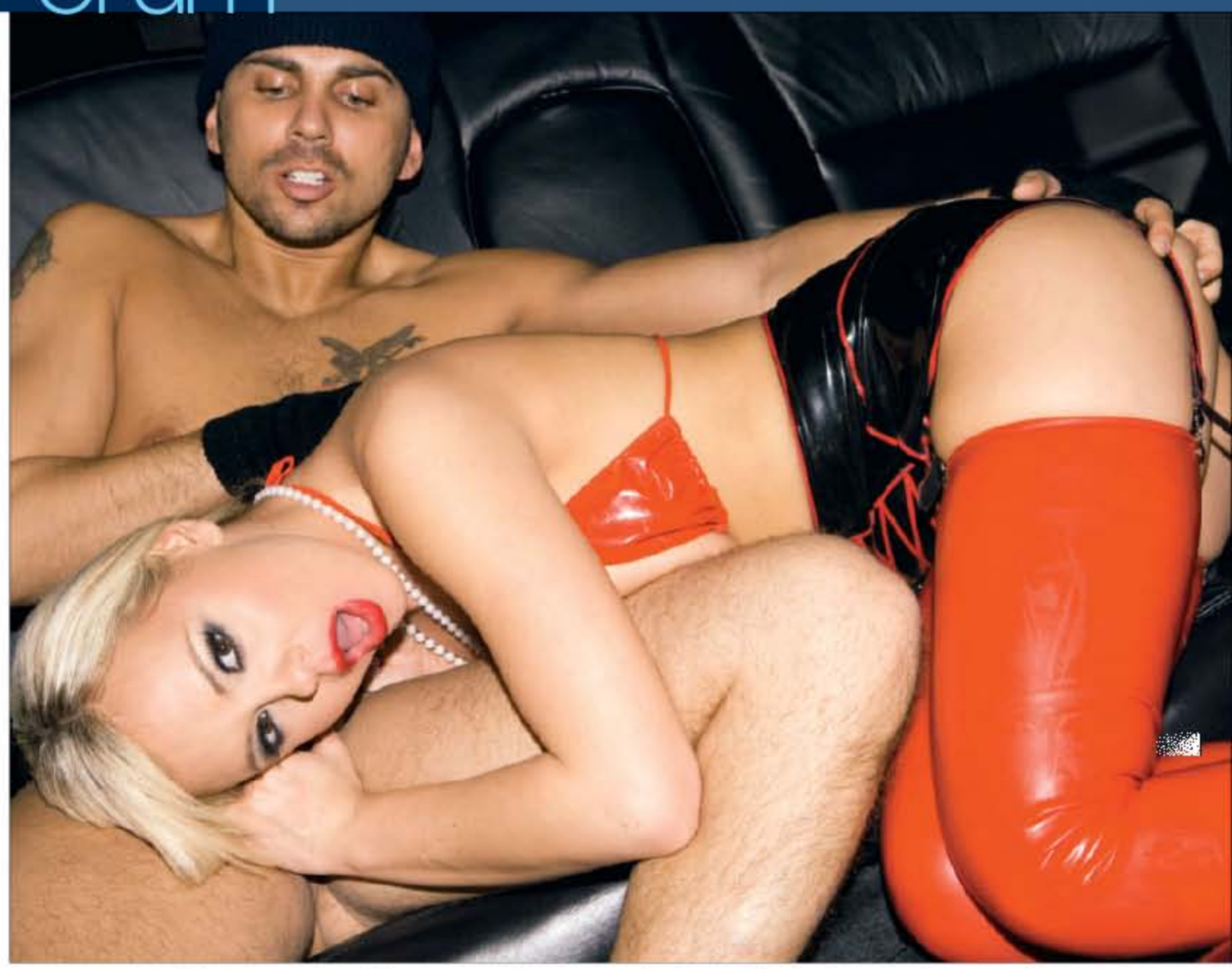
Last winter, my girlfriend and I were driving home from a party. She could not keep her hands off me, and trying to drive when she's like that can be hazardous. It was obvious that neither of us could wait till we got home.

We pulled over to the side of the road and started with a sixty-nine in the backseat of my Chevy. Then we just started to fuck and fuck hard. If we'd been doing it during the daytime, anyone driving by would have seen the car rocking. But the most interesting part of the story—although we didn't find this out until after we'd finished—was that we were within 100 feet of a police station!

Anyway, no harm, no foul, as I always say. But after that near miss, we're a lot more careful about where we stop to screw.—*S.J., Utah*

WET 'N' WILD

Last summer my sister and I pooled our cash and rented a lake house. When my week came around, I had a couple of girls in mind to call, but I



didn't want any of them to make more of the invitation than it was meant to be—just a week of fun and nothing more. I finally decided to call my neighbor Alexis. We'd been friends for a few years, but I'd never tried anything with her. She's very sweet, and I just thought we'd have a good time. And besides, I like my women a little more aggressive.

Alexis was pretty excited when I invited her and said she'd meet me at the house the following day. She arrived around 6 P.M., dressed in cut-offs and a thin tank top. I didn't want to stare, but I could swear she wasn't wearing a bra. She looked really hot and had me reevaluating what I'd thought was my type.

She'd brought a cooler filled with beer and soda, and meat for the grill. We had a great dinner, and afterward we sat around talking and playing poker. When we tired of cards, Alexis suggested we take the kayak out on the lake. We paddled out to the middle of the lake, then traveled along the shoreline. When we were about 75 yards from the shore, the kayak scraped bottom and we came to a halt. We climbed out and I started to push, but Alexis had something else in mind. She pulled her tank top up over her head, and I saw that my earlier guess was right on the money—she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts were beautiful, not overly large, but firm and perky. Heat and arousal raced through me as she arched her back and stretched, catlike. Then she smiled at me and started to take off her shorts. I caught a glimpse of her well-rounded ass when she turned to toss her clothes into the kayak.

I was still trying to get my head around the fact that sweet Alexis was about to put the moves on me when she waded toward me and said, "Come on, Luke—lose the clothes. The water's great."

Yeah, this was definitely a side of Alexis I hadn't seen before, but I welcomed it and let her help me out of my shirt and shorts. She added my clothes to the kayak, then kissed me long and slow, our tongues mingling as we slowly moved into deeper waters. When the water was chest-high, she wrapped her arms and legs around me, and our kisses grew hotter and more intense. As I cupped her ass cheeks and pulled her close, my cock, which was rock-hard at that point,

We pulled over to the side of the road and started with a sixty-nine in the backseat of my Chevy.

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slipped between her pussy lips. She closed her eyes and moaned as she slowly moved her slit back and forth against my cock.

Then she pressed her lips against my ear and said, "I know we're friends, but this is something I've wanted to do for a long time, and it feels good."

"Yeah," I said. "It feels damn good."

"And if I'd waited for you to start something—well, we wouldn't be doing this, now would we?" she said, as she continued grinding her pelvis against me, increasing the friction along my throbbing dick.

I heard what she said, but I could barely think beyond the pleasure. I'd never been more turned on in my life. I lowered my head and rolled my tongue over her hard nipple, making her gasp. When I sucked it into my mouth, her head fell back and she cried out, her legs tightening around my waist.

"Oh, Luke!" she cried. I kept sucking on her nipple and stabbing the tip with my tongue as she came, her body shuddering against mine.

As Alexis loosened her grip on me, I looked at her and she gave me the most beautiful smile. Then she let go and fell backward into the water. She popped up a few seconds later and swam back toward the shore, with me close behind. She lay in the shallow water with her wet ass gleaming in the moonlight.

We lay side by side, letting the water lap at our bodies as we kissed softly, and explored each other with our hands. Then, without warning, she rolled over into slightly deeper water and waited for me on all fours. All that was visible above the surface were her shoulders and her beautiful face smiling back at me.

"I have to fuck you, Alexis," I growled.

"I want you to, Luke. I want your cock in me," she said. "Do it."

I crawled behind her and worked my dick into her tight heat. When I was in to the hilt, I palmed her breasts and moved slowly in and out of her, more for my benefit than hers. I was afraid I'd come too soon and I wanted to get the most out of this, in case things got weird between us later. But Alexis wasn't having it.

"Fuck me, Luke! Harder!" she cried, and my resolve shattered. I pumped into her as hard and as fast as I could, with Alexis meeting my thrusts with equal enthusiasm. I felt her muscles grip my cock and knew she'd had an orgasm, but I kept stroking into her until I felt the climax overwhelm me. On the last thrust, I held myself inside her until I fell onto my back, pulling Alexis with me. I clung to her like a dying man, panting as if each breath were my last. When my cock slipped out of her, I sat up and wrapped my arms around her.

"We should have done this sooner," I said. "I don't know why I didn't think of it, but I'm glad you did."

"It's all good," she said. "We've got all week to play catch-up."

And that's just what we did—and there's nothing at all weird about it. We're still friends, only better.—*L.N., Michigan*

She closed her eyes and moaned as she moved her slit back and forth against my cock.

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Advertisement

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women wont go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacomole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.

I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better then the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more then the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

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COMING SOON... IN *PENTHOUSE*

Pet of the Month
Teagan Presley

Brea Lynn

Brynn Tyler
& Lindsay Marie

It's almost time to name our new Pet of the Year, who will help us celebrate our 40th year, but we're going to keep you in suspense just a little longer. In the meantime, we've prepared a sneak peek at some of the other seductive sirens ringing in 2009 with us. You'll be introduced to the blonde, busty, and beautiful Teagan Presley, and we're thrilled about the long-overdue return of our November 2006 Pet, Brea Lynn, in a smokin' new pictorial. And really, who doesn't love the sight of two hot blondes fooling around on a pool table? Of course, as always, this is just the beginning of what you'll find in our next issue.

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